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THE LOSS OF LAOS

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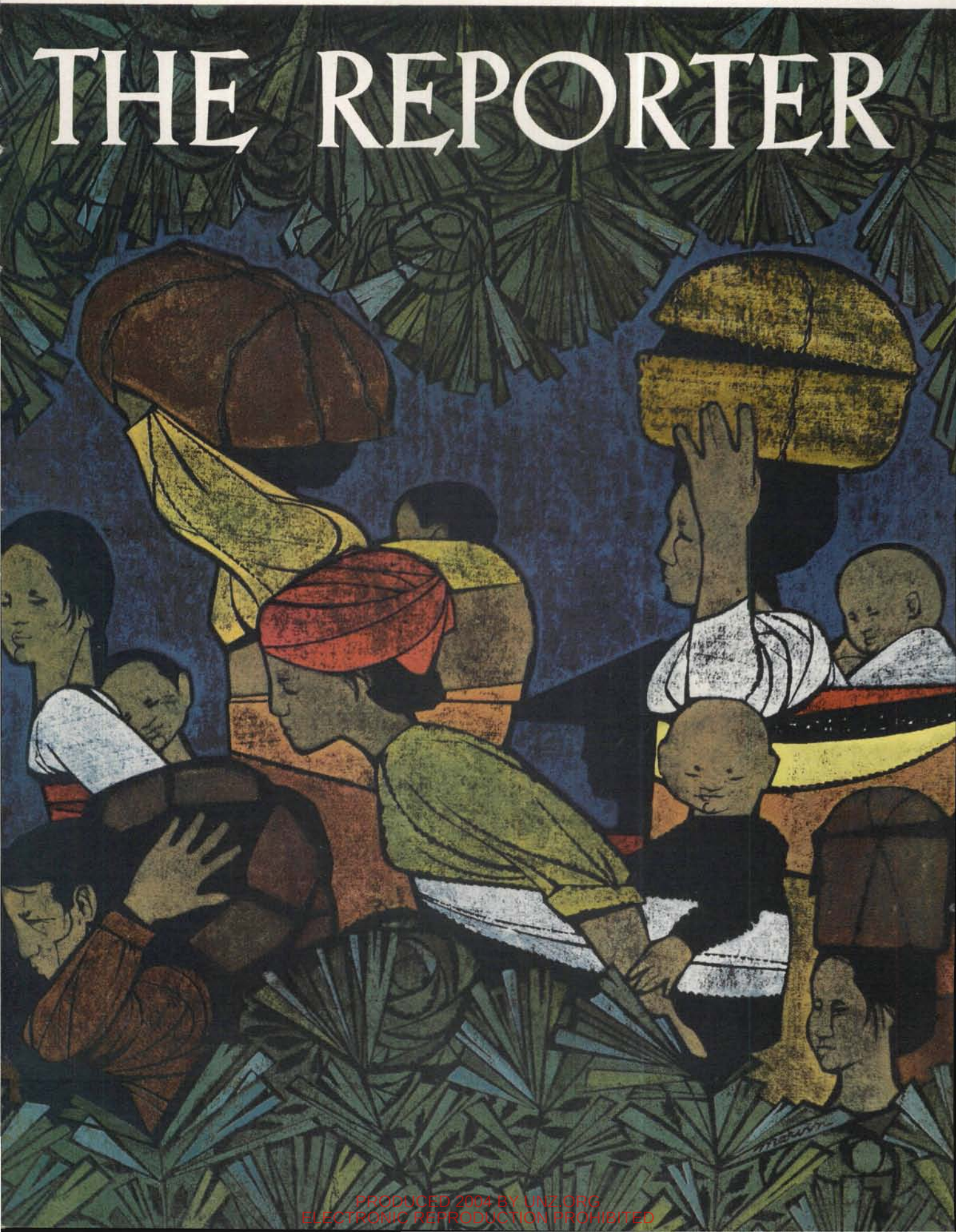

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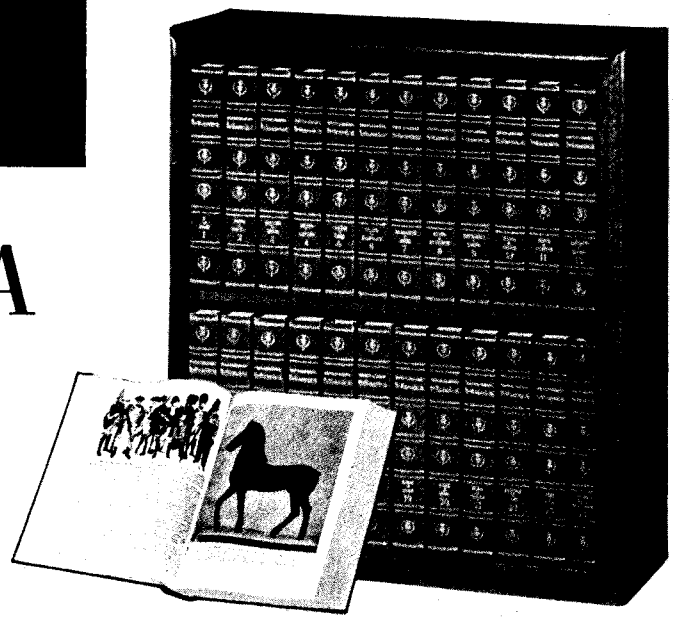

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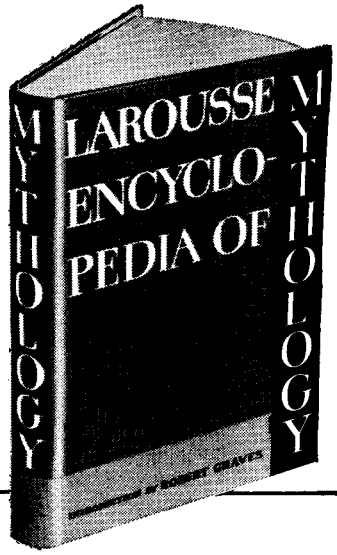

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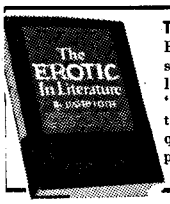

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

In 1955 General Motors made a profit of just over one billion dollars. The fact was celebrated in enthusiastic headlines throughout the country and GM was hailed as the biggest and most successful private enterprise in history. So it was—with one exception. The crime business in the United States has never believed in announcing its annual profits, and so the estimates of its prosperity are approximate, but it is safe to say that every year organized crime in the United States makes *nine* billion dollars from gambling alone. Half of this enormous sum is plowed back into the business—mostly to gain reasonable security of more and more dividends. This security can be obtained by exerting a friendly pressure on the holders of police and general law-enforcement power—particularly at the local level.

The reason the problem of crime has become so serious is very simple: the most profitable branches of crime are organized with a nation-wide structure, while law enforcement, by and large, is still in the hands of local government. The notion of a nation-wide police setup is completely repugnant to our democratic tradition. No thoughtful person—and certainly not the Attorney General—advocates anything of the kind. But at the same time we cannot be blind to the fact that local government is frequently and dangerously exposed to the corruptive influence of nation-wide crime. What we need is a strengthening of Federal authority accompanied and balanced by energized local government. Quite a trick. But this is the situation that we face not only vis-à-vis law enforcement but also, to cite only one other instance, in the field of education. **Daniel P. Moynihan** has had occasion to study the problem of crime during his childhood in a region of New York known as Hell's Kitchen and later while working as an official of the State of New York. He has known a number of men who have had practical experience with crime, and counted among his friends John Acropolis, a Teamster official who was murdered for defying the crime syndicate.

The tragic and confused story of Laos is nearing its end. In the weeks before a cease-fire was finally agreed upon, the battle to preserve the country from Communism was lost. **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist, reports from Vientiane that this disaster for the West has had greater repercussions throughout Southeast Asia than even the French humiliation at Dienbienphu. Mr. Warner assesses what we may be able to salvage from the wreckage of our ill-fated policies in that unhappy little nation. . . . There has been a great deal of discussion recently about the uses to which freedom of the press is put in this country. **Robert Bingham,** our managing editor, gives some personal views on the effects of competition among American newspapers, with particular reference to the New York press. . . . **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, discusses the present debate on the responsibilities of the press in handling matters related to national security. . . . Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo y Molina is now safely dead, but it will not be easy to exorcise his ghost. **Edward De Graff,** a free-lance writer, reports on the hideous mess the Dominican Republic's "benefactor" left behind him. . . . **Peregrine Worsthorne** writes of the sad plight of Anthony Wedgwood Benn and of the havoc this young man's stubborn refusal to be enshrined in the House of Lords may work among Britain's traditions. Mr. Worsthorne is with the London *Sunday Telegraph*. . . . The government of Amintore Fanfani has decided that Italian children must no longer be kept ignorant of the doings of the Fascist régime. But as **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, shows, the truth about Fascism is being given to the Italian children in tiny doses.

Serge Mamontoff left his native Russia some forty years ago. An architect by profession, he lived in France, Germany, and Austria until 1947, when he decided to take a job as supervisor of a sisal hemp plantation in French Equatorial Africa (now the independent Central African Republic). . . . **Marya Mannes** contributes an appraisal of television's drip-dry dramas. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Martin Greenberg** is a free-lance writer and has edited and translated *The Marquise of O__ and Other Stories* by Heinrich von Kleist (Criterion). . . . **Wayne Andrews,** a past president of the New York Chapter of the Society of Architectural Historians, is the author of *Architecture, Ambition and Americans* (Harper) and *Architecture in America* (Atheneum).

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Puzzle #35

Acrostician—

DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE MORALITY PLAY

To the Editor: Thank you for the article by Meg Greenfield ("The Great American Morality Play," *The Reporter,* June 8). It restores some perspective and humor to a discussion that is badly in need of both ingredients.

C. VANN WOODWARD
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore

To the Editor: I am afraid that Miss Greenfield's conclusions are closer to the truth than we should like to think, and that much of the talk about declining American morality is precisely what she suggests: a flood of mass effort to "heal" ourselves and move toward the feeling that we are moral again. As Miss Greenfield says, "When morality does not involve behavior, it is just as easy to save a country as a soul." Unfortunately, morality *does* involve behavior, a point which we shall overlook at our peril.

THE RT. REV. JAMES A. PIKE
Protestant Episcopal
Bishop of California
San Francisco

To the Editor: I fail to see how quoting such people as Billy Graham, Norman Vincent Peale, and Vance Packard constitutes a valid indictment of the Fund for the Republic's forthcoming study of the American character, or of the need for understanding that character.

Obviously the American character can be handled badly (i.e., slickly, superficially, and irrelevantly) by the Grahams, Peales, *et al.* But it can also be handled well—by Tocqueville, Brogan, and Hutchins. If Miss Greenfield had recognized this simple truth her article would have been a lot better, or perhaps it would not have been written at all.

I think what she ought to do is encourage the efforts of wise men in our midst to discover and understand the American character rather than disparage in advance the announced project of one of our wise men, Dr. Hutchins, to embark on just such an investigation.

DONALD McDONALD
Marquette University
Milwaukee

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's article is a first-rate piece of work and I think quite crucial as data for the study of the American character.

THEODORE ABEL, Chairman
Department of Sociology and Anthropology
Hunter College
New York City

To the Editor: Miss Greenfield's analysis is superficial. The author gives no evidence of acquaintance with serious

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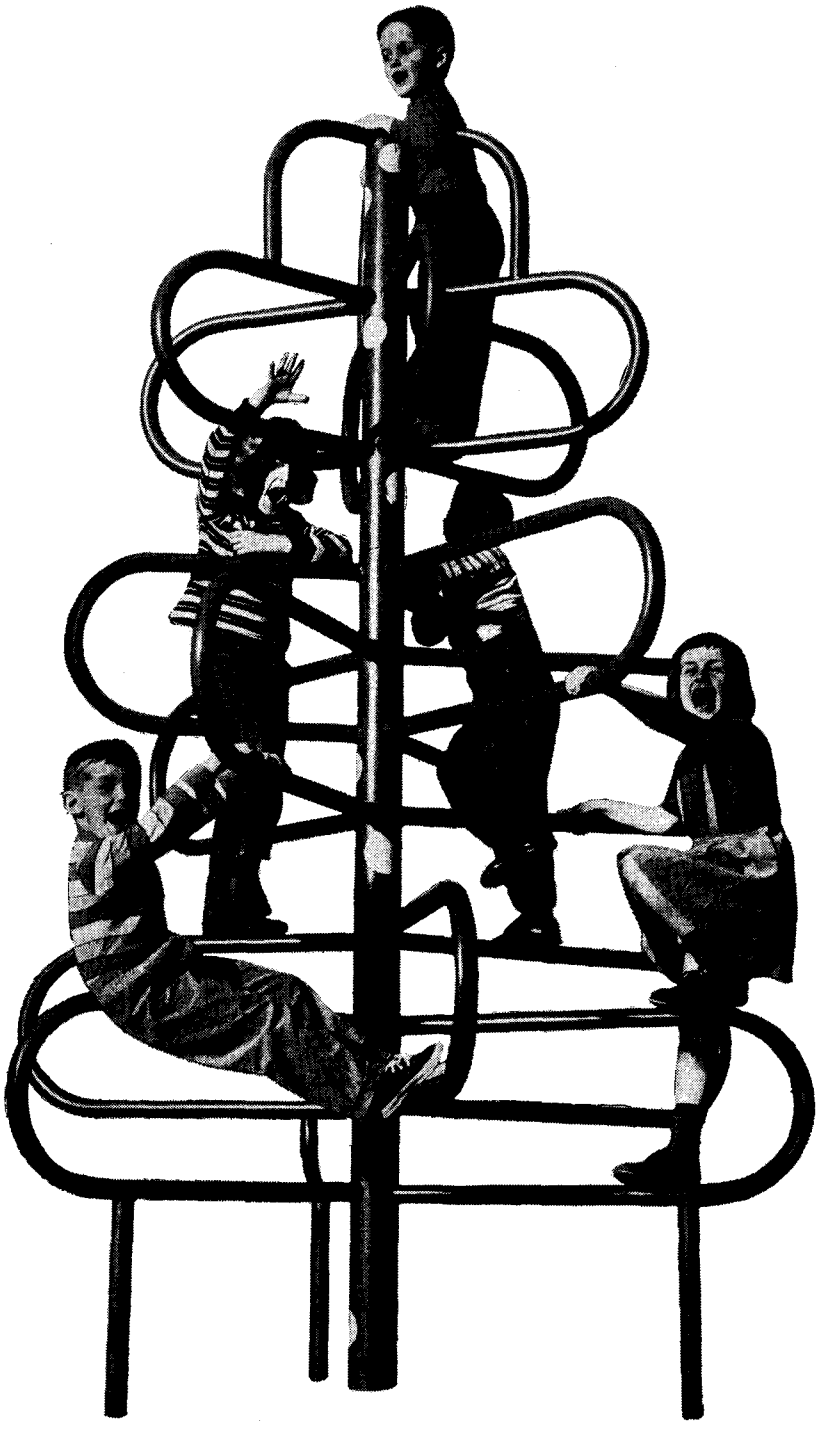

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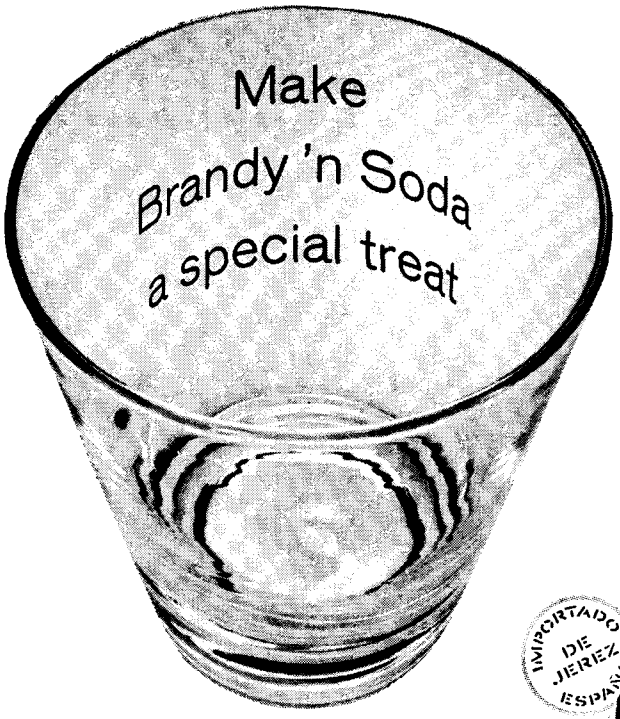

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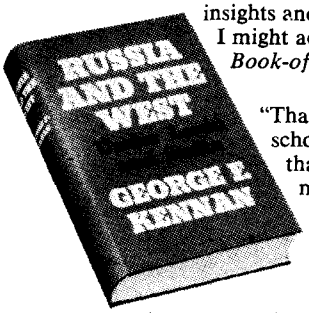

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works on the subject. The mood of condescension in which the article is written is revolting.

D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD
Earlham College
Richmond, Indiana

To the Editor: While Miss Greenfield didn't reach any earth-shaking conclusions about the state of the nation, there were certainly many frighteningly implicit ghosts presented to haunt anyone who doesn't feel sufficiently haunted already. And I found the article highly amusing as well. Here is an area that possibly could be more fully explored: isn't it true that one of the inevitable consequences of so much soul searching is a serious loss of our sense of humor?

LYLE T. WOLF
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Miss Greenfield's article was a superficially clever but shallow discussion. It dismisses a possibly serious situation by juxtaposing the statements of those who judge by such external signs as church membership, financial expenditures, and platitudinous, pious pronouncements with the searching studies of those concerned with basic views and attitudes.

An intelligent and fair analysis of the issue would deal with its present positive and negative elements. Among the questions it would seek to answer would be the following: Is there any relationship between our dominant views and way of life and our heavy reliance on military pacts and "successful" dictators? What motivates the resistance to medical aid for the needy by our national medical group, which is nominally dedicated to healing? What moves a number of leading humanitarian, educational, and religious institutions to subordinate their self-avowed goals to budget and bigness? Could it be our social values and conditions?

That there are numerous persons who are dedicated, unselfish human benefactors is obvious. But whether there are enough of these to counteract national trends toward anti-social selfishness and vulgarity merits study.

RABBI NATHAN A. BARACK
Congregation Beth El
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

To the Editor: Bravo for the excellent article by Meg Greenfield. How long, how long, I was beginning to wonder, before someone punctured the self-inflated righteousness of our mid-twentieth-century Cassandras? It seems the latest rage for some of my liberal friends and colleagues to bemoan, berate, and belittle our "corporate morality," alternating with plain romanticizing of the good old days of Jeffersonian or frontier America or the simple ways of primitive cultures.

THOMAS J. MALONEY
Unitarian Church of Boulder
Boulder, Colorado

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To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's "The Great American Morality Play" is far-ranging, wide-spreading, timely—and free from dogmatism. Having said this, permit me to add that such a serious subject does not require so much of the whimsical—even here and there a bit of flippancy about it. Miss Greenfield refers to the switch of our population from being "bad" to being "good" in a year or two almost in a tone of levity, as though that were little or nothing. With slight exception, little or nothing specific is mentioned about our sins, such as juvenile crimes, alcoholism, sex offenses, and mob violence.

As a senior citizen (now ninety-three), I suggest, instead of the "three Rs," a serious study of "three Ms"—mores, morale, morality—and recognize the suzerainty of morality; which, in turn, brings to mind the scriptural virtues—faith, hope, love—and the greatest of these is love. It is not enough to know that "the moral character is changing"—it is vital to discover the causes of the change, and apply our best resources toward directing the change into the right direction.

ROCKWELL D. HUNT
Dean Emeritus, Graduate School
University of Southern California
Calistoga, California

TALES FROM INDIA

To the Editor: I have just read two stories by Robin White which appeared in your magazine, "A Ride in an Indian Ricksha" (*The Reporter*, December 22, 1960) and "Foreign Soil" (*The Reporter*, May 25, 1961). Having returned last week from the very area of South India where Mr. White grew up, I find these stories perfect in their portrayal of things and life there; every detail is exactly as it really is. I have felt many of the same emotions when riding in a "cycle rick" as Mr. White writes about, and have had the ride terminate in an argument over the fare even though I may have given more than agreed upon in the beginning. However, I did not notice the "exoticness" that dominates the other story; everyday life becomes very ordinary, even in South India, or else I was insensitive to the exotic features of it.

But please let us have more stories, and if possible articles as well, by Mr. White. Writing about South India is too rare, and this lack should be remedied because North and South India are in many ways almost a different country.

JANE P. MILLS
Detroit

To the Editor: Robin White's short story "Foreign Soil" is superb. Poignant yet filled with horror, written with warmth yet succinct and pointed, so much is captured in such a small space! Thank you for bringing this story to us. We look forward to more from this author.

LAURA NEVILLE
Fayetteville, New York

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

As Others See Us

It [the Supreme Court's decision upholding a section of the Internal Security Act] will hamper, to some extent, the activities of the [Communist] party in this country. What is rather more important, however, is that it will make our foreign policies more comprehensible to those who are facing an internal Communist threat of massive proportions. For example, the Vietnamese farmer who is sniped at from the rice paddies by Red guerrillas might well find it hard to understand why the United States, which gives him arms to shoot back at the Communists, should be content to allow American Communists a privileged status.
—From an editorial in the New York Herald Tribune.

MEKONG DELTA, SOUTH VIETNAM
As the sun beats down on the rich green rice paddies of this beleaguered little nation and the terrorism of the Vietcong raiders continues unabated, there has been evidence in the past two weeks of a new will to resist on the part of the peasant-farmers. Veteran observers of the scene here have little doubt that this change of heart is due to the Supreme Court's recent decisions affecting the American Communist Party, decisions which appear to have had an electrifying effect on local rice farmers. In the opinion of these same observers, it may even be possible to salvage what had been considered a hopeless situation in South Vietnam, a situation, they point out, which has been steadily deteriorating since 1957—the year of the Yates, Watkins, Jencks, and Sweezy decisions.

Everywhere one is struck by a new friendliness to Americans. Local farmers have begun to greet correspondents with a wave, a smile, a word of encouragement. Many come out of their huts and line the soggy roads hoping for a chance to talk about the rulings. "I never understood," said Vongh Dao, a local farmer, "why your country gave the Communists a privileged status. Your foreign policies have always been incomprehensible to me." Vongh Dao's wife, a sunburnt, tired woman looking much more than her thirty years, agreed. "We don't understand why it took your court eleven years to ratify the registration requirement of Title I of the Internal Security Act of 1950," she complained. "Why did you wait so long? The designation of front groups has also been held up pending this ruling. Why, I remember my excitement about the registration provision when it was first introduced in the Mundt-Nixon bill back in 1948. We even listened to your candidates debate it on the radio. Whatever happened to your Harold Stassen?" "That's all history now," her husband chided. Vongh Dao's wife still seemed unconvinced. "Why was it finally upheld by such a narrow majority?" she wanted to know.

Everywhere on this strife-torn delta it is pretty much the same story. At the neighboring village of Thanh Moa a group of local farmers accosted this correspondent to make their views known. "If you ask me," said an elderly farmer named Lim Kao, "Frankfurter would have done well not to rule on such a narrow point. He should have upheld the consequences of registration too." A young boy agreed. "I didn't like all that stress on the severability clause," he complained. "It makes me think the rest of the act may be struck down. Still, I think I am willing to fight harder now." The others began to shout, excitedly, their agreement. "We also liked the Scales decision on the membership clause of the Smith Act," they cried, adding, "Taken together, as one of your justices pointed out in his dissent, they might abrogate the Fifth Amendment."

As this correspondent left, the sun had already begun to set over the nearby woods where the Vietcong marauders were known to be awaiting the protective cover of night for their next raid. The farmers returned to their huts to fetch their American guns. "Why don't you outlaw the party altogether?" an old woman cried in farewell. "We have done it!"

No Decision

While the Supreme Court seems to have gone out of its way to rule against the admissibility of illegally acquired evidence in state courts, the justices obviously ducked the birth-control issue when it was tossed straight at them. Mr. Frankfurter spoke for the majority and argued that since there has been only one prosecution under the old Connecticut law prohibiting the use of contraceptives, it doesn't seem to be much of a law or much of a threat to the liberties of the citizens of Connecticut. Mr. Brennan, concurring, pointed out that the real issue is "not the use of contraceptives by isolated and individual married couples," either with or without the advice of a physician, but the opening of birth-control clinics. And in some of his other remarks there seemed to be a clear invitation for someone to serve up a case that *would* involve clinics.

This should surely be done. For with all due respect to Mr. Frankfurter, there does seem to be something a little odd about a law that does not affect the sophisticated or those who can afford to go to a private doctor but only the ignorant or those whose poverty makes them dependent on clinics and hospital outpatient departments. Whatever one may feel about the morality of birth control—or the morality of one group's imposing its views on the whole community—the present situation in Connecticut would not seem to constitute equality before the law.

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These Things Were Said

¶ Dr. [Margaret] Mead said that the Russians must learn to explain coexistence in ways Americans can understand, and in ways with which they can agree. Americans, on the other hand, she said, must learn to explain satisfactorily why they believe a non-Communist, legally elected by his own people, is entitled to the powers of his office. —*William Benton in the New York Times.*

¶ There is no public record that Allen Dulles shared either his brother's sanguine world outlook or interest in America First. But equally there is no record, public or private, that he didn't.—*Fred J. Cook in The Nation.*

THE FACTS OF LIFE

ERIC SEVAREID

I hope American nerves are strong; I know American heads are befogged.

The showdown with the Communist world conspiracy is on. We have entered the final stage of the long struggle to determine if we can hold our world position short of a great war. We are in that stage because Khrushchev has decided we are. He will act accordingly, which will force us to act accordingly—if we can clear our heads.

He did his best at Vienna to make us understand, just as Hitler did, time after time. It is wrong to think Khrushchev said nothing new. When he said, in effect, "No negotiations or anything unless it suits us tactically, no disarmament agreement, no test-stoppage agreement, no U.N. save on our terms, no letup on Berlin"—when he said all this, he was saying: "We have you. Why go on with the chess game?"

He has concluded that the western alliance cannot be pulled together, that North Africa will soon be wide open to Communist exploitation with Central Africa to follow, that Southeast Asia is rapidly crumbling into Communist hands, that our Latin-American flank is being turned. He is now sure that the great game of isolating the United States, then impoverishing it, then breaking its will, is all over save for our helpless, threshing convulsions, which will be interesting and from time to time dangerous.

No doubt there are after-hours parlor games in the Kremlin these nights—betting pools, for example, on the precise month when the United States, driven desperate by Castro's subversion of other Latin régimes, threatens to use force, whereupon Castro laughingly points out that he has short-range missile emplacements aimed at the lovely white city of Miami and would we care to test his will to use them.

I imagine they play an uproarious game of "Can You Top This?," reading selected items from the British and American press. The passionate claims of British socialists that Britain will have *more* world influence if it gives up its atomic weapons must be a consistent funnybone tickler. These days they must particularly cherish the Whitehall-Lippmann theory that if we show willingness to renegotiate West Berlin, the Reds will obligingly give us at the bargaining table a stronger position than we have now.

Surely they adore reading the worrying, hair-shirt arguments that the United States must not do this or that because it will offend "world opinion," knowing as they do that there is no such thing in the moralistic sense—the proof of which is that after all their crimes, including Hungary, they enjoy more influence and respect in the world than ever. They must love the British-American notion that the bosses of the new "neutral" nations are somehow more high-minded and spiritual than those of the committed nations.

They must have shaken their heads in happy disbelief when they read that conservative newspaper executives, calling on the President, said "No" when he asked if they accepted his premise that the United States has entered the most critical period of its history.

And they must love the large school of American liberals who assume that any given country, however barren and illiterate, however profound its background of violence and chieftainship, is capable not only of economic modernization but of parliamentary democracy.

They must love the liberals with social-worker mentalities who do not grasp that illiteracy, low wages, concentrated landownership, and so on are not "social problems" but integral parts of a system of life and therefore enormously resistant to quick change by anything less than the "totalitarian disciplines" the same liberals abhor. They must love the liberals who assume that because a Marshall Plan worked in modern Europe, a similar plan can work among those régimes of Latin America where statistics are wild guesses, where trained economists hardly exist, where economic planning is finger painting, where, as between countries, there is very little background of communications, normal trade, or even intellectual interest in one another.

The gamesmen in the Kremlin must smile in their sleep as they realize how deeply ingrained is the American illusion that a ton of wheat can offset a ton of Communist artillery shells, that a squad of Peace Corpsmen is a match for a squad of guerrilla fighters.

But I hope they frowned a bit when they read the angry retort of Defense Secretary McNamara when he heard for the umpteenth time the pious theory that the Communists were gaining in Laos and South Vietnam because the régimes there are "unresponsive to the people's needs." A burning sense of reality on a short fuse can make a quiet man shout (as I'm afraid it makes me shout these days), and McNamara shouted that the Communists are gaining in those countries for very simple reasons known as guns, bombs, fighters, and threats.

Frightened people in a score of desperate countries want to be on the winning but not necessarily the moral side; and we have to start winning soon. We are going to lose in several more places before we do. We may as well face the fact that we will also lose in places we cannot afford to lose, until and unless we are willing to fight, no matter the reproving editorials in the Manchester *Guardian*, no matter what the temporary backlash of "world opinion" may be.

The relations between nations are not the same as those between individuals. We can afford to lose everything—except respect for our strength and determination. Lose that, and Khrushchev won't bother to sit down and talk again even to say "No."

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The Private Government Of Crime

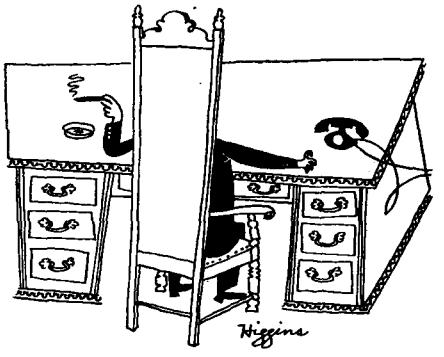
DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

ONE OF THE LARGEST and surely one of the most profitable industries in the United States is that unusual complex of skills and services known as organized crime. There is nothing secret about this modern big business. Tens of millions of Americans regularly come in contact with crime when they patronize a numbers runner, a bookmaker, or an after-hours drinking club, as well as when they become more than casually involved in any of the fifty-odd areas of racket infiltration, ranging alphabetically from advertising to transportation, that the Kefauver Committee uncovered.

Organized crime obviously has something to sell that many people want to buy. Yet always behind the pleasures of vice lie the ugliness of degradation and the terror of violence. It is pleasant to think of winning a lot of money, not so pleasant for an Irish tenement kid to stare at what is left of his father's face after the smiling bookies' psychotic "enforcers" have collected the hard way. We can all sympathize with the shame of parents who learn that their son in college has been paid off to shave the score of a basketball game, but most of us find it difficult even to imagine the feelings of Puerto Rican parents the first time their daughter comes down from the roof "high" on heroin.

But even thousands of personal tragedies like these may not be the worst by-products of organized crime in the United States. If any moderately determined amateur gambler can find a place to put down a bet nearly anywhere in this country, why can't the police find the same places? The question itself suggests to many people that law enforcement in this country is really phony, that the laws don't really mean what they say, and above all that government at many levels is controlled by massive and sinister commercial interests that the individual dare not defy.

The head of the Department of Justice's Special Group on Organized Crime declared about a year ago: "The underworld gets about $9 billion of the estimated $47 billion spent annually on illegal gambling . . . Fully half of the syndicates' income from gambling is earmarked for protection money paid to police and politicians." Since the total salaries of the municipal police forces in the United States probably do not come to $1



billion a year, these figures would indicate that the American police receive more money from criminals than from taxpayers. Probably that is an exaggeration, but there is no question about the validity of the conclusion to which the figures point: corruption by organized crime is a normal condition of American local government and politics.

It is hardly surprising therefore that for the last quarter century organized crime has been a major political issue in the United States. It is, however, an issue that the voters by and large have recognized and responded to on their own rather than having it thrust upon them by the political parties, journalists, and academics who usually attempt to set the agenda for American politics. Those political leaders who have put themselves forward as challengers of the criminal hegemony have almost invariably found themselves the spokesmen for one of the most deeply rooted concerns of the American people.

The issue first appeared as a national rather than a purely local one about the time it became evident that organized crime had not gone away with the ending of Prohibition. Thomas E. Dewey became an aspirant for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1940 at the age of thirty-eight purely and simply on the basis of his record as a prosecutor of racketeering in New York City, a record that was highlighted by the conviction of Lucky Luciano and Jimmy Hines, the twin symbols of Italian mobster and Irish politician. In 1952 Estes Kefauver came to the Democratic convention with a vast national following and almost a majority of the delegates largely because of his Senate investigation of organized crime. More recently, John F. Kennedy made his first widespread impression on the American public through the hearings of the McClellan Committee, of which his brother Robert was chief counsel.

The Fallacy of the New Broom

As with many important popular undercurrents in American history, the reaction against organized crime has suffered both from a lack of effective leadership and from the too easy acceptance of simple solutions. The way most people think about crime has not advanced very far beyond the stage reached at the turn of the century, when Lincoln Steffens discovered that the Tammany chief of police ran crime in New York City—a matter of common knowledge to all of the police reporters. This revelation led to the notion that the major problem lay in the selection of police chiefs, and thence to the "throw-the-rascals-out" ap-

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proach that has plagued most Good Government efforts ever since. It has been taken for granted that the installation of energetic and incorruptible public officials *of itself* would put an end to organized criminal activities carried on with official connivance. This has left reform leaders and their supporters woefully unprepared for the discovery that organized crime is a far more complex and persistent problem than they had imagined—that in effect organized crime constitutes a kind of private government whose power rivals and often supplants that of elected public government.

THE quintessential experience in this regard is that of Thomas E. Dewey. Elected governor of New York in 1942 as a crime buster, Dewey promptly dropped the subject. During his first eight years in office his annual messages to the legislature were devoid of any reference to crime except for an occasional mention of juvenile delinquency or parole procedure.

When the Kefauver Committee began exposing organized criminal activities in New York City, Dewey was jubilant. In October, 1950, he told a campaign audience: "I have said before and I say again, that this could not happen were there not a definite link between the big-time gambling racketeer and those in high office. What we see revealed in New York City is what happens when crooked political bosses take control of a party and hand-pick their stooges. . . . The scandals in New York City could not happen if there were an aggressive, honest administration, owing nothing to the big party bosses. Tammany and 'Paving Block' Ed Flynn and their gang are responsible . . ."

Kefauver then moved his investigation to upstate New York—and found pretty much the same conditions he had found in the city. The "big-time gambling racketeer" was operating wide open in Saratoga, with liquor licenses provided by the state; all this was going on with the full knowledge of the state police—not to mention nearly everyone else in Albany. Kefauver then began asking why Dewey, who had put Lucky Luciano in jail in 1936, had seen fit to let him out of jail in 1946, ostensibly for helping in the war effort. Dewey did not answer. He went abroad.

It next developed that the Republican majority leader of the state senate had been visiting the racketeer Joey Fay in Sing Sing. Then it turned out that the Republican hierarchy (with the Democrats cut in) had been making fabulous profits out of harness-track franchises—involving just the same underworld characters Kefauver had turned up in New York City.

Dewey's last four years in office were devoted largely to the subject of crime commissions and harness-track czars, in a nearly frantic effort to clean up the mess that had suddenly been uncovered. But it was too late. In 1954 the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, Averell Harriman, made crime his principal campaign issue. "The story of the harness tracks," he declared, "has punctured for all time the myth about the integrity of the present-day leadership of the Republican Party of New York. For the first time, we see scandal reaching the Governor's closest and most intimate associates."

Harriman won, whereupon *his* administration promptly dropped the subject of crime. The issue was not mentioned in any of his first three annual messages. There was a flutter when it developed that the boys had tried to fix a parole-violation charge for one of Frank Costello's associates, "Socks" Lanza, but things were generally quiet until 1957, when the McClellan Committee began hearings on labor racketeering in New York connecting the Teamsters with the underworld. That summer, Albert Anastasia was executed in a New York barbershop, and on November 14 the state police arrested fifty-eight men at what was promptly labeled a "crime convention" near the upstate hamlet of Apalachin. At this point all hell broke loose, and Nelson Rockefeller did not fail to make the most of it in the 1958 state election.

The experience of the New York governors is not uncommon. Again and again across the country it has been demonstrated that electing a crime buster is not the same thing as busting crime. A fundamental reason is that while criminal jurisdiction has remained limited and local, crime has grown into a nation-wide operation.

A Managerial Revolution

Rackets—a Hell's Kitchen term for big parties, to which local tradesmen were often "asked" to buy tickets—existed in a number of industries at the turn of the century, and there were loose associations of criminals at that time. But crime first got organized along modern business lines during Prohibition. This development has been clearly documented, although the reasons for it have been somewhat confused.

As an illicit industry, bootlegging tended to attract persons from marginal social groups, including a large number of Sicilian immigrants. This led to the notion—still the official theory of the U.S. Treasury Department—that the Sicilians brought organization over with them, in the form of the Mafia. But this is much too simple. Obviously the Southern Italians had qualities that made for successful organization men in this field: nerve, first of all, but also the peasant habit of group loyalty and a relative imperviousness to alcohol and narcotic addiction. Nor were they disheartened by the occasional necessity to settle disputes with violence. But the process by which crime became organized was essentially no different from that by which a score of small, fragmented industries have been gradually consolidated into ever larger units, tending always toward the commercial ideal of monopoly.

When Prohibition was abandoned, the new criminal groups turned to similar businesses, mainly gambling and, on a smaller scale, narcotics. The general corruption of local government that took place under Prohibition continued, making possible a great expansion of racketeering, in which threats of violence were used for commercial purposes. With law-enforcement agencies corrupted, the persons or corporations threatened had little recourse save to submit to the fiat of the private government that had usurped the publicly elected government's monopoly on the use of force. During the 1930's a good deal of hot money seems also to have gone into real estate, in

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which political connections are always useful.

These enterprises flourished, especially gambling. In the words of an American Bar Association report on organized crime, the operators of the illegal gambling industry in America "acquired control of an enterprise of fantastic proportions, with all the power that flows from the control of great wealth. The result has been a new type of criminal, living in luxury, flanked by expensive attorneys and advisors, able to cut deeper into our social structure by corrupting weak officials than he ever did by open defiance and violence."

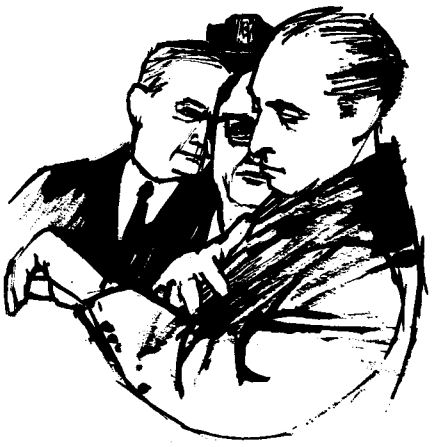
Where Steffens Stopped

For all its obvious importance, the subject of organized crime has rarely engaged the serious attention of American political scientists. In the decade of the 1950's, which began with the Kefauver hearings and ended with those of the McClellan Committee, not a single item on crime appeared in the *American Political Science Review*. There are, of course, formidable difficulties in collecting data on the subject. But the most likely explanation for the gap is simply ignorance.

In general, the academic view of crime remains that formulated by the muckrakers. Crime has been regarded as a governmental pathology that would not normally occur in a wholesome municipal atmosphere. Hence a half century of reform movements, which may have improved city government somewhat but have not bothered crime much at all.

The press has done no better, confining itself to periodic disapproval but rarely seeking adequate understanding. As a result, to the extent there is a consensus on what to do about organized crime, it consists of three very general, very old ideas: we must clean up the slums, which breed crime; we must break up the political machines, which tolerate crime; and we must keep a critical eye on the trade unions, which are generally associated with the dangerous assertion of raw power.

This ingenuous approach fails to take account of the changed meaning of the term "crime." At the turn of the century, protected crime



generally involved only small, local operations: prostitution and some gambling as well as the traditional felonies such as burglary, which are estimated currently to account for only two per cent of the total "cost" of crime. There were few laws against drinking or narcotics ("Honey, have a whiff on me!"), and communications did not facilitate nation-wide betting. It was only with new prohibitions and new technology that a mass market was created for illicit goods and services. The executives who run these businesses are a different breed from the solitary pickpocket who relieved Steffens of his pay envelope under the benign surveillance of precinct detectives.

Thus it is probably too late to get at crime by cleaning up the slums: organized crime has moved to the suburbs and the underworld has become café society. The sociologist Lloyd E. Ohlin has suggested that this development may even account for the increase in juvenile violence. Traditionally, organized crime has offered one of the most attractive career opportunities open to the youth of the slums. This prospect, Ohlin notes, taught them "to curb overly aggressive and violent conduct. In the world of semi-professional and organized crime there is no place for the impulsive, explosive, and undisciplined individual." Ohlin goes on to point out that "changes in criminal organization may be expected to have important consequences for delinquent youngsters in slum areas who aspire to an adult criminal career. Changing patterns of recruitment, in which skills such as accounting, public relations, legal and organizational ability are highly valued, may well lessen the appropriateness of delinquency as a training ground. . . . The encroachment of organized crime on legitimate business, such as trucking and the garment trades, appears likely to place recruitment of new personnel on a functional rather than a geographical basis." The delinquents will indeed be rebels without a cause when crime itself is closed to them.

As to the second part of the reformers' assumptions about the ways to wipe out crime, the effort to break up the political machines that tolerated and profited from crime has been largely successful. But far from having solved the problem of commercial crime, the elimination of the machines seems to have eliminated the one social force that was able to contain it. The decline of Tammany Hall since Steffens's time is a case in point. Over the years the New York police department has become steadily freer of politics, notably so during the Wagner administration. But this freedom has hardly been followed by an end of organized crime. The situation in policy offers an excellent example.

A Major Industry in Harlem

Policy (from the Italian *pòlizza,* lottery ticket) is the most popular form of illegal gambling in New York City. It appears that some 1,500,000 New Yorkers—almost a third of the adult population—buy something to look forward to for a few hours by placing a small bet on the last three digits of pari-mutuel totals or the U.S. Treasury balance each day. It is a poor man's game and a sucker's game—the "split" is 60-40—but it flourishes, despite official disapproval. It is pre-eminently the type of crime that the Tammany of Lincoln Steffens's day would have controlled to the last nickel.

In 1958, when Congressman Adam Clayton Powell led a revolt against the Tammany leaders in Harlem, it was commonly agreed that much of his popular support came from the Negro numbers runners who were tired of working for white men who ran policy from outside Harlem. At the time, an N.A.A.C.P. official remarked that Carmine De Sapio's overstuffed officialdom didn't have a

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chance in competition with the runners turned poll workers, who, after all, called on the housewives of Harlem almost every day of the week. Just so. The regulars were clobbered and Powell's team took over. But two years later, Negroes still did not control policy.

Powell took to his pulpit to say that while he certainly did not approve of the numbers racket, he was "going to fight for the Negro having the same chance as an Italian." He also read into the *Congressional Record* a list of the names and addresses of the white gamblers who, he charged, were "pauperizing" Harlem. "Here we find a community lower in income than any other in the city and yet we spend $50,000,000 a year to support Italian and Jewish policy bankers."

In order to correct this situation, Powell called on the then Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy to appoint a Negro deputy police chief. Kennedy was precisely the type of police chief Steffens dreamed of: he fought crime with a furious, consuming energy. Kennedy replied that Congressman Powell had only recently become a Tammany district leader and was perhaps on that account not fully aware that district leaders no longer made appointments to the New York City police force. A stirring retort. But was it not also a clear indication that no open and public institution, neither the police nor the party, could really claim to have any control over crime? The police commissioner was incorruptible, but the rackets flourished still—answerable only to themselves. Or, perhaps, they were answerable only to police officers further down the line.

The Shame of Our Cities

Perhaps the single most important development in local government since Steffens's time has been the fragmentation of the political power formerly held by party machines, where they existed, into the complex of groups and individuals who influence events in the vast metropolises of today. Both the growth of the urban areas and the diminution of political power have lessened the ability of society to control a phenomenon such as organized crime. The criminal thrives. Here and there, from time to time, he actually dominates.

Take Kansas City. It appears that in Tom Pendergast's heyday ten per cent of the city police force had criminal records, and parts of the town were, of course, wide open. There was never any question about who was boss in Kansas City. But when the machine was broken and its leader sent to prison for income-tax evasion, the underworld, led by Charles Binaggio, moved in to fill the vacuum. Appropriately, Binaggio was shot down in his First Ward Democratic headquarters. Just recently a grand jury charged that a syndicate connected with the Mafia has for seven or eight years been operating a "criminal playground" in Kansas City under a pact with the police that has given organized crime free reign in its particular field in return for a pledge to refrain from major burglaries and similar crimes against property.

Take Schenectady, a city of enlightened capitalism and nonrevolutionary socialism, which has even had Walter Lippmann in its municipal employ. Some time after Assembly Speaker Oswald Heck, its leading citizen, denounced Harriman on the subject of crime, a pair of gamblers called on the Republican city manager and informed him that they wanted the chief of police dismissed from his post immediately. The chief did not wait to find out whether he would be fired. He resigned, fled, and has been in hiding ever since.

In neighboring Albany, where the O'Connell clan runs one of the last thriving urban Democratic machines in the nation, there is no shortage of bookmakers. But the mind boggles at the thought of what would happen to one such who tried to intimidate the chief of police!

In the past, crime tended to be associated first and foremost with the big Democratic cities. This may even then have been an exaggeration, but it is certainly true no longer. The rackets also flourish in Republican suburbs, and are well established in Republican cities and states. The New York State Commission of Investigation recently identified the Republican stronghold of Syracuse as the center of a vast bookmaking and policy network, a number of whose operatives were distinguished by the variety of police courtesy cards they carried. Despite Earl Warren's administration, Kefauver in 1951 found "Crime, vice, and corruption in California had a special flavor—exotic, overripe, and a little sickening." John Gunther reported of Missouri: "Kansas City is the heart of Democratic power . . . St. Louis the heart of Republican." Kefauver's chapters on these cities are entitled "Kansas City: Law of the Jungle," and "The St. Louis Area: Where Gambling Is Big Business." Thus the change of party which normally accompanies the election of a reform administration is rarely as much a blow to the criminal interests as it first appears—and as the reformers often innocently assume.

The Fate of John Acropolis

The third widely endorsed nostrum for controlling crime, that of keeping a sharp eye on the trade unions, might have had some effect had it taken the form of vigilant public support for legitimate trade-union leaders threatened by criminal incursion, but this has not generally been the case. The record of major industries actually employing criminals as labor-relations advisers is well known. Few industrialists can have felt much personal alarm to learn that a Jewish labor organizer had been stabbed to death in the garment district of New York or that a cargo net had been dropped on some Polish stevedore over in Jersey City. The alarm has normally only come later when the criminals have begun to make their new operation pay.

As Robert Kennedy made dramatically clear in the McClellan hearings, the activities of criminals in the labor movement are quite different from the *condottiere* operations of the 1930's, when racketeers

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offered their goon services to labor and management alike with fine impartiality. A typical example of the present situation is the garbage-removal business in the suburbs of New York. Robert Kennedy has written: "When there is a monopoly control, the refusal to remove garbage or waste can put a company out of business. . . . Because it is comparatively easy to gain and maintain control, gangsters and racketeers have been attracted to the multimillion-dollar industry. Important in their organization is a friendly labor union which can act as an enforcing arm." When John Acropolis, the Teamster official concerned with garbage in Westchester, defied the mob, he was simply murdered. The business was turned over to a local run by two hoodlums, Joe Parisi and Bernard Adelstein, and in short order the $50-million business was being run at the direction of James Squillante, the *soi-disant* godson of Albert Anastasia. It is important to note that this is a new industry, created by the new shopping centers and new shifts in population, that Squillante is a new man—he was not sixteen years old when Prohibition came to an end.

Money Talks

In some part at least, the persistence of criminal power can be accounted for by the general shift of attention, particularly of the special interests, away from local government. Crime remains as one of the few big commercial, cash-in-hand interests on the local scene. This is already obvious in the relatively small but significant area of campaign contributions. Alexander Heard, in his book on campaign finances, estimates that organized crime currently pays for fifteen per cent of campaign expenditures at state and local levels. In 1952 that would have been some $16 million—ten times the national contribution of organized labor. Heard quotes the remark of one mob official: "Show me a punk who wants to run for office, and I'll show you a man who can be had."

Judges, of course, are particularly important to organized crime. For a long time there have been indications that municipal benches and higher have been reached by criminals. As for most other types of public office, all the underworld requires of the incumbent in return for financial support is that he keep out of the way where crime is concerned. This is the point at which the problem extends beyond the existence of crime, bad as that may be. There was a wisecrack going around a few years ago that if a New York City official returned from lunch to find he'd had calls from the governor, the mayor, and Frank Costello—he would call Costello back first. For such officials, the problems of crime get priority, and other problems wait. As for what sort of officials the Costellos are likely to choose in the expectation that their calls will be returned first, the answer will be obvious to anyone with experience in American local government: stupid.

Crime has not only corrupted American government for its own purposes; it has also tended to immobilize government for many other purposes. The problems of the American city, to speak only of that level, are not going to be solved by the dimwits whose campaigns are financed by the syndicate. And is there any reason to suppose that the leaders of organized crime are incapable of perceiving that they will be better off if American municipal government remains fragmented, unco-ordinated, and in the hands, as much as possible, of incompetents? In some ways there are no more vigorous guardians of local government than these criminal states' righters.

What About the FBI?

The most common reaction to the seeming insolubility of the crime problem at the local level is to try to solve it at the state or Federal level. According to this argument, local governments are too small to resist corruption, they do not retain the services of capable officials long enough to accomplish anything, and since crime has become national in scale anyway, it must be fought by large units of government. It also is pointed out, quite correctly, that while corruption is practically the normal condition of American municipal police forces, the FBI and most state police organizations have maintained the highest standards of integrity.

This approach will be recognized as a variant of the original "get a new police chief" thesis. It is not to be discarded on that ground, but it must be pointed out that it involves the danger that in raising the level on which the fight against organized crime is waged, we may at the same time raise the level at which the corruption of organized crime takes place.

For whatever motives, it is quite clear that those law-enforcement organizations which have kept themselves free of corruption and infiltration by organized crime have done so by avoiding jurisdiction over the problem. The state troopers are what they are because they confine their attentions to traffic safety and crimes of passion. In the same pattern, the FBI has not hesitated to take on the toughest problems of national security but has successfully stayed away from organized crime.

Perhaps unintentionally, much of this success has stemmed from the presumption on the part of the public that the FBI is already fighting organized crime. The hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children who take the FBI tour at the Department of Justice each year are shown through a fantastic gallery of submachine guns, death masks, and ransom notes depicting an unceasing pursuit of the criminal all across the nation. One of the most popular features is the gallery of pictures of the Ten Most Wanted Fugitives of the moment. The free booklet "The Story of the Federal Bureau of Investigation" tells how crime met its match in 1934 when the FBI was given general jurisdiction over Federal crimes. John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, and Baby Face Nelson were dispatched, one-two-three. "The underworld finally realized that never again could it openly and brazenly

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flaunt justice and order." An accompanying pamphlet reassures law-abiding householders that the FBI has in its possession the fingerprints of 34,027,049 "Criminals and Suspects," illustrated by a figure in a trench coat with smoking revolver and cigarette sinister.

All this is quite overwhelming, but a closer look will make it clear that none of the criminals, or the offenses so dramatically illustrated on the tour, have any real connection with organized crime. Their post-office faces look out at you: the bewildered Middle Westerners who—once—tried bank robbing in the depression when farming failed, the idiot rapist, the sullen Negro auto thief, the rather seedy swindler by mail, the youth who blew up his Mom in an airplane. These are not the men of the syndicates who appoint judges, make police chiefs wealthy, or contribute $16 million a year to political campaigns.

"Crime is essentially a local matter," Hoover has written, and for thirty-seven years he has sought to avoid any assignment that would involve the FBI directly with problems that have often appeared to be insoluble. And he gets his way. The one significant bit of legislation that came out of the Kefauver period, the requirement that gamblers register with the Federal government and pay a fee, is enforced not by the FBI but by the Internal Revenue Service. In fact, the Treasury Department gets most dirty work of this kind.

The Kennedy Program

Even if Hoover were eager for the job of fighting organized crime, there is no certainty that he would get it. Congress has shown no enthusiasm for involving the Federal government in this area. Not one of the long list of legislative recommendations made by the Kefauver Committee was enacted. The somewhat dubious tax laws that emerged from the period have not had much effect. Last year some 9,356 gambling establishments purchased the $50 stamp legally required by the national government for operations that for the most part are illegal under state laws. This is less than half the number purchased in 1952, when the law first went into effect, and it is generally assumed that the decline resulted from the

discovery that no additional revenue agents were being provided to enforce the law. The ten per cent tax on gross bets, less layoffs, produced $6,084,000 last year, far from the $400 million annual return that was originally forecast by supporters of the legislation.

Former Attorney General William P. Rogers responded to the Apalachin episode by proposing a series of laws in line with Kefauver's proposals—including a potent law prohibiting interstate transmission of gambling information—but without much success. The real issue in all this legislation has been whether the Federal government, largely in the form of the FBI, should get itself mixed up with organized crime. So far it has not.

Robert Kennedy clearly intends to change this. The Attorney General's views on the subject of crime are emphatic; he leaves no doubt that he is convinced crime is a national problem that must be met at the Federal level as well as at all others. After ten weeks in office he stated in his first press conference that he had become "even more aware of how far racketeering has infiltrated our society." In his first public address as Attorney General, the fact that "organized crime has become big business" led the list of subjects he took up with his audience at the University of Georgia Law School. He has made it clear that he regards this problem as one of almost desperate urgency and that he means to devote to it a large share of his redoubtable energies.

Kennedy has already begun to work with the resources and laws available to him. The powers of the Federal government to gather and disseminate information are, of course, a potent weapon in exposing the activities of organized crime. He has brought a vigorous and experienced team of investigators and prosecutors into the Justice Department to keep up the pressure, and the results are beginning to show in several cities around the country.

But the resources and laws available to the Attorney General at present are far from adequate if a really effective attack is to be launched, and Kennedy has come forth with a strong legislative program that will involve the Federal government in a major and concerted effort to control organized crime.

The main bill backed by the Attorney General, H.R. 6572, would prohibit interstate travel in aid of racketeering enterprises. The principal function of this bill would be to halt or at least discourage interstate travel to promote gambling, which requires the periodic transfer of cash from one area to another. It is also aimed, Kennedy informed the House Committee on the Judiciary, "at the huge profits in the traffic in liquor, narcotics, prostitution, as well as the use of these funds for corrupting local officials and for their use in racketeering in labor and management."

The new Attorney General has repeated his predecessor's request for a law to prohibit the use of wire-communication facilities for the transmission of certain types of gambling information in interstate and foreign commerce (H.R. 7039). He has also come out for strengthening the laws against the intimidation of witnesses and for extension of the provisions of the Fugitive Felon Act.

Kennedy has not suggested that these laws of themselves will put an end to crime. But if enforced—and

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he has emphasized that he possesses both the power and the will to enforce them—they would have powerful consequences. Speaking of H.R. 7039, he told the House Judiciary Committee: "It is quite evident that modern, organized commercial gambling operations are so completely intertwined with the nation's communications systems that denial of their use to the gambling fraternity would be a mortal blow to their operations."

But it remains for Congress to act. Already two top syndicate members are known to have visited Washington and to have conferred with important congressmen. At this point there is little public demand for the legislation, and there will surely be some alarm at the prospect of the Federal government's interfering so extensively in the area of freedom to travel.

Legalized Gambling?

Far from putting a stop to crime, some laws actually seem to promote its growth. When a government attempts to forbid certain activities that large numbers of citizens do not really disapprove of, it runs the risk of expanding rather than reducing the areas in which criminals find inviting opportunities to operate. It may be that a central difficulty with many of this nation's traditional notions about how to control crime is that they have often reflected the tastes as well as the morality of upper-middle-class persons who have not generally been attracted to the forms of entertainment—or vice, as you will—that criminals have found it profitable to purvey. At least not since Prohibition. Gambling, like the consumption of alcohol, is and always has been a universal phenomenon. As the sociologist Herbert A. Bloch observes, the volume of gambling has remained at a relatively high level so far this century, and no efforts to control it have succeeded.

Gambling provides the base on which other and far more ugly forms of organized crime can rise. This point was made just two years ago by a Brooklyn grand jury which declared: "Gambling is the very heartbeat of organized crime both on a local and national scale. Strangely enough, this vital finding, which should be apparent to everyone concerned with the problem of law enforcement, is recognized in theory but virtually ignored in practice. . . . Actually, if you scratch the professional operator of gambling ventures you find the narcotics peddler, the loan shark, the dice game operator, the white slaver and the murderer."

An increasing number of public officials faced with the impossible task of enforcing the betting laws have been coming forth with proposals for legal off-track betting, government lotteries, and so on. Such proposals, of course, inevitably run into strong, deeply felt opposition from the Protestant churches and their congregations. Protestant opinion does not appear to be solid on this subject, but a united front is maintained in deference to those groups for which gambling is an issue of urgent moral concern. There are certainly moral questions involved here. And one of them is whether it is better to leave gambling in the hands of the underworld or to bring it out into the open under public control.

The Next Step?

Past experience has certainly shown that no single solution can solve a problem as deep and complex as that of organized crime in America. What we have to reckon with is not only the existence of crime but also of a large, wealthy, and firmly entrenched criminal class. The end of Prohibition did not destroy this class, and it is not likely that the end of certain gambling restrictions would do so. So long as there are rules against something a lot of people really want, there are profits to be made in getting around them, and criminals will take advantage of that opportunity. The report of the American Bar Association on organized crime, which appeared during the Korean war, noted that gambling was by far the richest source of criminal revenue at that time, but that it could be expected that black-market revenues would soon exceed even those of gambling. Thus new strongholds are constantly being created for the barons of crime.

It is common enough to call for more light on any social problem, but organized crime is one that cries out both for understanding and for action. In the aftermath of the Apalachin meeting, of which so much has been said but so little proved, Edwin J. Lukas of the Society for the Prevention of Crime asked, without result, for "a thorough canvas of all the existing and known significant rackets that currently victimize the American community" and "an effort, in depth, to identify clearly the factors in our society which serve to cause and perpetuate rackets." More information is needed on this subject, and needed urgently.

The time of naïve faith in simple solutions is past. The private government of organized crime must be recognized as a national rather than a purely local problem. This does not mean that the no man's land in which city and state governments have shown they cannot wage war effectively must be occupied by the Federal government alone. The attack must be co-ordinated among all the various law-enforcement agencies. Only through this sort of co-operation can we avoid the dangers that may lie in the extension—and possible corruption—of Federal power, without leaving the job of fighting crime in the hands of the ill-sorted combination of various groups that prefer for both idealistic and practical reasons to maintain the present cozy relationship between outlaws and the law. But most important of all, we must realize that an enterprise that has become many-sided and national in scope can only be controlled by a many-sided and national effort.

This is a moment of rare opportunity. A vigorous Attorney General has pledged the full support of the national government to bring organized crime under control. The gambling fever of the postwar period, in which full employment coincided with a shortage of goods on which to spend the pay checks, seems to have abated somewhat, and there are no great commodity shortages to feed the black market. Crime, for the moment, is more vulnerable than it has been for some time.

The opportunity must be seized. In the words of the Attorney General, "If we do not on a national scale attack organized criminals with weapons and techniques as effective as their own, they will destroy us."

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The Loss of Laos

DENIS WARNER

VIENTIANE

THE CAPTURE of the mountain fastness of Padong on June 7 by the Pathet Lao rebels was the most serious breach to date of the cease-fire in Laos. It also deprived the Royal Laotian Army of a commanding salient close to Pathet Lao headquarters on the Plaine des Jarres and therefore of an important bargaining point in future negotiations. Worst of all, it revealed that the military capabilities of the six to eight thousand Meo tribesmen, who alone among the Royal forces have shown a disposition to fight, have been greatly exaggerated. They were put to flight by an artillery bombardment and a simple flanking movement involving no more than a company of Pathet Lao troops.

The Pathet Lao with its Vietminh cadres is both trained and experienced, and the forces led by Captain Kong Lae used to be elite of the Royal Laotian Army. "But it is impossible to exaggerate the incompetence—and frequently the cowardice—of the Royal Laotian forces," according to one western military observer who has watched these forces in action.

The reality of the military situation is that Captain (now Brigadier-General) Kong Lae with perhaps five thousand men and the Pathet Lao with about fifteen thousand could take any or all of the Mekong River towns, with the possible exception of Savannakhet, any time they felt so inclined. They are inhibited not by the Royal Laotian Army's forty thousand armed men but by the realization that their regular forces have advanced as far as international discretion presently admits. (This is not true, however, of their irregular forces, who have closed Mekong River traffic north and west of Vientiane and who are mining the roads twenty miles from the capital.)

Down from the Mountains

There is something almost pathetic about western protests against cease-fire violations. In the period before the cease-fire both sides engaged in brinkmanship: the Communists won hands down. Between March 11 and the cease-fire agreement of May 3—while the co-chairmen of the 1954 Geneva Agreement were deciding whether a cease-fire should precede the new Geneva Conference and while the SEATO Council was speaking in all solemnity about taking "whatever action may be appropriate in the circumstances"—the Pathet Lao and Captain Kong Lae, with Russian military aid and Vietminh technical assistance, won the battle for Laos.

Beginning on March 11, when their forces seized the vital Vientiane-Luang Prabang-Xieng Khouang road junction, the combined forces of the Pathet Lao and Captain Kong Lae began a series of operations that pushed the Royal Laotian Army out of the mountains into the foothills north of Vientiane. They planted themselves firmly only fifteen miles as the crow flies from Luang Prabang and secured the command of the eastern flank of the corridor leading to South Vietnam and Cambodia. Although their regular units approached to within thirty miles of Thakhek on the Mekong, they were generally careful not to tread too heavily on Thailand's sensitive toes; but the "Ho Chi Minh trail" into South Vietnam is now firmly theirs, and there have been reports that the 351st Vietcong (Vietminh) Division is hurrying south along it to join battle against President Ngo Dinh Diem.

This offensive cannot be accurately described in conventional military terms. It was certainly co-ordinated: planes seized in Vientiane in December shuttled Captain Kong Lae's paratroopers to and fro; and in one instance, at least, Communist forces, probably Pathet Lao but described by the Laotians as Vietminh, entered Laos from North Vietnam. In some areas, battalions and companies participated in the attack; in other places the Pathet Lao did little more than blow its trumpet and the royal walls of southern Laos collapsed. In the breathless stories told by refugees, platoons became battalions and battalions armies.

It would be pointless at this stage to recapitulate all the sorry story that led to this debacle. Much of it, including the misdirection of military and economic aid and the French failure to train the Royal Laotian Army, has already been told. One or two recent milestones demand attention, however. The government decision that the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party and the Peace Party candidates should be defeated in the election of April 24, 1960, for instance, resulted in ballot rigging so blatant that it precipitated the August military coup by the then quite apolitical Kong

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Lae. The escape of Prince Souphanouvong and his fifteen principal lieutenants (together with their guards) from custody in Vientiane three months earlier was another milestone. So was the U.S. decision to provide aid to General Phoumi Nosavan and Prince Boun Oum, who had established themselves at the head of a revolutionary committee in Savannakhet. The ostensible reasoning behind this U.S. decision was that since General Phoumi still controlled a large section of the Royal Lao Army, it would disintegrate if he did not receive its pay, food, arms, and ammunition. Another purpose, it is clear, was to cause the collapse of the Souvanna Phouma régime. The results, however, did not turn out as planned. Souvanna Phouma was goaded into accepting Soviet aid and General Phoumi attacked Vientiane last December. This, in turn, drove Souvanna Phouma first into exile in Cambodia, then into an alliance with Prince Souphanouvong, his half brother who heads the Pathet Lao, and now into the embrace of Peking and Moscow.

Disaster might yet have been averted if General Phoumi's tactical skills had matched his ambition. Instead of sending even a company of troops to block Kong Lae's withdrawal from Vientiane, he tarried for two weeks before setting off in an often comic pursuit. This respite gave Kong Lae the chance to escape not only with the newly delivered Soviet aid but with all the reserves of trucks and fieldpieces delivered over a long period of time under the United States aid program.

A Row of Dominoes?

Nothing since the Second World War has shaken Southeast Asia more than the Laotian disaster. The French defeat in Indo-China had colonial overtones that tended to conceal the Communist threat. Even in Indo-China, many anti-Communists thought it was better to get rid of the French first and to take care of the Vietminh later. There seems to be no such feeling about Laos, except perhaps in Burma and Indonesia, which are pinning what faith they can muster on peaceful coexistence. Elsewhere, however, the Laotian events have shattered both the comfortable feeling that SEATO had put an end to the era of Communist expansion in the area and the even more remote hope that the Communists had no further territorial ambitions in Southeast Asia.

To its neighbors Laos is no longer a seemingly distant and chronically unstable and chaotic little state but a dagger whose point is aimed at Cambodia and whose cutting edges threaten both Thailand and South Vietnam. Malaya is gravely disturbed; there, as elsewhere, it is understood that a Communist takeover in Laos may precipitate a sudden collapse of other positions patiently created and laboriously preserved.

In the Philippines and Thailand, which alone of the countries of Southeast Asia area risked open and direct alliance with the West, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization

and some of its non-Asian members are the objects of bitter attack. Britain and France, which have consistently held out against what is optimistically referred to as a "military solution" for Laos, are publicly denounced as appeasers. Felixberto Serrano, foreign minister of the Philippines, told me that Britain would stop at nothing, including appeasement, to avoid becoming embroiled in military action in Southeast Asia. He thought Britain and France should be encouraged to confine their interests to Europe and that a new NATO-type security organization should be formed around the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and interested Asian countries. At this moment, he said, "Deterioration has been so marked that Thailand is toying with the idea of neutralism."

Even those who feel that Britain is right about Laos and that any sort of military intervention would have inevitably resulted in a dangerous expansion of the war with little or no hope of victory are inclined to question whether Britain is ever likely to agree to the use of force in any crisis east of Suez. France has been at pains to make its position abundantly clear: it has no intention of taking up arms where it laid them down in defeat seven years ago.

All of this makes SEATO seem a rather curious security organization to the Filipinos, the Thais, and even some Australians. The United States is not without its critics, either. Its final decision against military intervention and the Southeast Asian tour of Vice-President Lyndon Johnson were not howling successes in either Manila or Bangkok. Mr. Serrano said he had hoped for something more than the "exuberant reassurances" Mr. Johnson brought with him. "The present administration appears to have lost touch with reality in the current situation," he said. And the Thai foreign minister, Thanat Khoman, with the United States obviously in mind, said bitterly about the reception that greeted certain Thai proposals at Geneva, "We learned from the Geneva Conference that the country which claimed to be our great friend likes its foe better than its friends."

These statements may appear irresponsible. They nevertheless reflect a state of mind which is serious. Thailand wants above all to keep the Communists away from its borders; if it fails in this objective, a major and abrupt change in foreign policy will be not only possible but probable.

All Eyes on Souvanna Phouma

Two months ago the Thais thought they knew the type of limited military intervention that would have succeeded in preventing the combined Pathet Lao-Kong Lae forces from advancing on the Mekong. The plan, which might have been put into effect if Britain and France had not been so vigorously opposed, was to station SEATO garrisons in the Mekong towns, thereby releasing Royal Lao forces for duty inland while protecting, with minimum risk, the Mekong line. The British argument, in brief, was that this would have produced an immediate spread of the conflict, that the Russians had indicated from the beginning that

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they would match the West measure for measure, that Vietminh and even Chinese forces would then have made their appearance, and that soon the problem would have deteriorated into another Korea or worse, with all the attendant risks of a major war. To many the argument was convincing; but it has not dissipated the Filipino-Thai feeling that SEATO fiddled while Laos burned.

If the Geneva Conference fails, the question of military intervention may arise again. Since the positions this type of limited operation were meant to preserve are now lost, the dangers in any future plan for intervention will inevitably be much greater. In short, the point has passed when such intervention was either feasible or a reasonable military risk, and the British and American positions, as stated at Geneva, now differ only in degree. Both now want a neutral Laos. Both profess to see some hopeful signs. And if the British are less starry-eyed about Souvanna Phouma than they were, the Americans are frank in conceding that they handled him unwisely last year.

But there is no getting around the fact that Souvanna Phouma has moved far to the Left since last October, when he said that his idea of neutrality precluded either the recognition of or the acceptance of aid from North Vietnam or Communist China. To judge from his comments today, China seems almost his spiritual home. He has said in Peking that it is to China he will turn for economic assistance.

If Souvanna Phouma is still far from being a Communist, he clearly prefers Communist society at the moment. Western diplomats have repeatedly briefed the prince on the new American policy in Laos and assured him that if and when he forms a genuinely neutral coalition government he will have Washington's unqualified support. But he remains unconvinced. He also remains charming, courteous, incorruptible, and, despite the company he has been keeping, a gentleman. But he is no administrator, and his previous periods of leadership in Laos have always been marked by his ignorance of what is going on around him. The characteristics that distinguish him from his contemporaries are often admirable, but they might prove less so in controlling a coalition government that includes his half brother, whose Communist allegiance would seem to be in some doubt even after twenty years of association with the Vietminh.

It is difficult to believe that Souvanna Phouma will be more than a figurehead in any government of national union that Geneva may conceivably produce. The ratio of cabinet seats being discussed as the possible basis for a neutral Laos are six-three-three or eight-four-four—six or eight of Souvanna Phouma's neutralists; three or four for the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party; and a similar number for the representatives of the present Royal Laotian government. Souvanna Phouma's group would certainly include former Minister of Information Quinim Pholsena and others who are nearer to the Pathet Lao than to the Right.

Prince Souphanouvong, whose forces now control by far the greater part of the Laotian countryside, naturally favors the holding of an immediate election. A month or two ago Souvanna Phouma was saying that it would be unwise to hold an election within a year. Now he talks in terms of an election ninety days after a Geneva agreement.

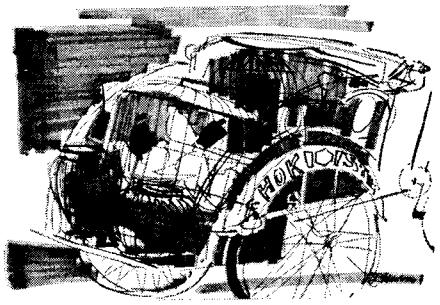
In a much more sophisticated society, or at least in a country where communications permit some mobility, it might be possible to arrange for some sort of unbiased supervision that would ensure a fair election under such circumstances, but certainly not in less than a year. Here the prospect of genuinely free elections in a month, or in twenty months, is remote.

Supervision would require tens of thousands of Lao-speaking neutral observers. Such observers simply do not exist. And since the Neo Lao Hak Xat controls the countryside, the odds are heavily in favor of that party, which has diligently built up an organization covering most of the country's ten thousand villages and whose right-wing opposition remains divided into small factions each with its own competing interest in power and self-aggrandizement. Even the Royal Army leadership is a dubious quantity. General Phoumi is a strong man, but he trusts few of his subordinates. General Amkha, once his top field commander, is under arrest; and General Ouane Rathikone, the commander in chief, is in Europe because Phoumi thought it wiser to have him along at Geneva rather than to leave him to his own desires at home.

A Beachhead on the Mekong?

Laos has been a battleground in the East-West war; and the Communists, with external support, have won internally. It is difficult, therefore, to quarrel with Mr. Serrano, who believes the best we may get out of Laos is a reconstituted government, ostensibly neutral in the initial months, but under Pathet Lao domination and destined for eventual Communist control.

Is there no other solution? Thailand, despairing of its effort to treat the Neo Lao Hak Xat at Geneva as only one of a large number of Laotian parties and entitled therefore to only a small share of the spoils, is now thinking in terms



of a *cordon sanitaire*. As a final and desperate resort, the Laotian right wing would probably accept partition. Its idea of a proper solution is that Souvanna Phouma and Souphanouvong should accept seats in the Boun Oum-Phoumi government. At the other end of the scale, even Phoumi has toyed with the idea of a new Kingdom of Champassak, with a capital at Savannakhet.

Quite apart from the moral con-

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sideration involved in turning over large numbers of people who have at least tried, however ineffectively, to fight the Pathet Lao, and whose treatment would be based on intention rather than performance, there are two serious objections to this. First, it would expose the potentially dissident northeastern provinces of Thailand to precisely the same sort of infiltration that advanced the Pathet Lao cause in Laos. And second, in the matter of infiltration and Pathet Lao control, the Champassak region is worse off than several of the nothern provinces where Communist domination is taken for granted. Thanks to its lightning campaign before the cease-fire, the Pathet Lao in this region now holds all the interior trails and roads leading to South Vietnam and Cambodia. It would require a considerable military campaign to dislodge them, especially since the area is vital to the success of any uprising in South Vietnam.

IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE, nevertheless, to make an exchange of the Ho Chi Minh trail to the south for the numerous Royal salients held after the March and April Pathet Lao offensive. If this is possible—and it is a long chance—a more rewarding temporary expedient, if not a more likely long-range solution, might be to partition Laos on the basis of a roughly defined cease-fire line. This would leave the Royal Laotian government with Luang Prabang, Vientiane, and all the other Mekong River towns, a narrow strip of river flats extending to the base of the mountains, and a knuckle of territory in the south. It would be little more than a dune between the Pathet Lao sea and the Thai hinterland; but, adequately garrisoned, it would provide Thailand with a temporary *cordon sanitaire* and perhaps cut off the Vietminh's tradesmen's entrance into South Vietnam. Provided it received enough western aid, it might also be able to accommodate the refugees from the Communist areas.

By no standards is such a solution desirable. But in the larger task of holding the rest of Southeast Asia together, even for a few years, it may well prove the best we can reasonably hope for.

'Where the Press Is Free...'

ROBERT BINGHAM

"WERE IT LEFT to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government," that ravenous reader Thomas Jefferson once declared, "I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." He felt so strongly about the role of newspapers in a democratic society that he didn't consider the Constitution complete until a Bill of Rights was added which guaranteed freedom of the press in its very first Article. It was his opinion that "Where the press is free, and every man able to read, all is safe."

Well, the press is still free of any overt form of government censorship, and every man can certainly read—the headlines at least—but I wonder how Jefferson would feel about the safety of American democracy if he could see some of our newspapers today. We must remember that his enthusiasm for newspapers was based on a belief that unrestricted competition in the business of communicating news and opinion would not only ensure that the citizenry was well informed but also help raise public discussion of national policy to the highest possible level. An inspiring thought. But it would be naïve to claim that it has always worked out that way.

The plain fact of the matter is that freedom of the press, essential as it is in a democracy, offers no guarantee in and of itself that truth will triumph in the free-for-all of journalistic competition—especially, as in this country, when that competition is almost entirely economic rather than ideological. I would even go so far as to suggest that the best journalism throughout the history of our democracy has been generally produced *in spite of* competition, by an aristocracy of determined individual editors and publishers. And it seems to me there is plenty of evidence to prove that competition, while it occasionally serves to keep editors on their toes, has generally tended to lower rather than raise journalistic standards.

I think you could almost state it as a general rule that the more newspapers a city has, the worse those papers will be. Take two examples—Boston, Massachusetts, and Louisville, Kentucky. Even after the unlamented death of the *Post,* Boston has more metropolitan dailies than any other city in the country except New York, and with the exception of the Christian Science *Monitor,* which isn't really a Boston paper anyway, they all range from mediocre to miserable. In Louisville, there is only one newspaper publisher. Yes, the *Courier-Journal* has that despicable, un-American thing we call a monopoly. But the *Courier-Journal* is one of the best papers in the country, by Jefferson's or anybody else's standards. And most of the other good papers in the country—the Baltimore *Sun,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Milwaukee *Journal,* the Denver *Post* (let's leave New York out of this for a minute or two)—face no direct competition at the time of day they publish.

IT TAKES courage as well as imagination to put out a good paper against competition these days. Suppose you're running a newspaper and you find that at the same time the mechanical costs of publishing have gone up tremendously in the last few years, the advertisers—who represent a larger and larger proportion of your income—are beginning to take most of their business down the street to the tabloid that has several thousand more readers than you do, not to mention the TV station that has a couple of million more viewers. Unless you simply don't care whether you go out of business the next time the linotype operators ask for more money, it stands to reason that you're a lot less worried about winning a Pulitzer Prize next year than you are about raising your circulation any way you can. Splash a contest all across the front page? O.K. Play up the adultery angle in an otherwise abysmally uninteresting divorce case? O.K. Run a four-column picture of the girl in a bathing suit pretending to

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dig the first shovelful of earth at a new shopping center where a lot of advertisers will be opening branches? Absolutely. And while we're about it, let's save a few bucks by firing those guys in our Washington bureau and take our coverage from the wire services entirely. Most of our readers hear all the national and international news they want on radio or TV anyway. It's stale by the time they get our paper. Let's give 'em something different. Maybe we could get Dorothy Kilgallen's column, for instance.

The result, one that Jefferson would hardly applaud, is that if sooner or later the papers don't actually merge, they might as well. Because they will have become practically indistinguishable. They all play it safe, looking over each other's shoulder to make sure that every paper makes the same concessions to what the editors hopefully call the popular taste.

The press is legally free to print what it wants, and yet we are nearly drowning in a sea of homogenized journalism.

WELL, what about New York? I claim that competition tends to lower the level of all papers to that of the worst and most sensational paper in town; and in New York there are four morning and three evening metropolitan dailies—not to mention the *Wall Street Journal,* an excellent paper which like the *Christian Science Monitor* is in a class by itself. And yet the best of the New York papers is one of the best in the world, and even the worst compares quite favorably with any other papers in the country outside New York except a few like the outstanding ones I mentioned earlier. Make no mistake: I am convinced that the over-all trend toward mediocrity and uniformity is firmly established in New York, but by and large the murky tide is advancing more slowly.

There are several explanations that come to mind. For one thing, New York not only has more people than any other city but more *different kinds* of people in terms of background, races, and economic interests: the field is big enough to allow several papers—although probably not seven—to operate without banging their heads against each other in the fiercest sort of competition. For another thing, what I call the aristocracy of determined editors and publishers who are more interested in putting out good papers than in making money has created a formidable tradition in New York, a tradition that is still more or less alive, especially among those who share the rather arrogant assumption that New York speaks for the nation.

Most newspapersmen are exasperated by the stodginess and long-winded total recall of the good gray *Times,* but they read it very carefully nonetheless, because they know they will find stories in it that simply won't appear anywhere else.

But great as it is, the *Times* certainly has its faults. And most of them, ironically, proceed from its greatest virtues. The predictable questions are asked at news conferences, the predictable answers are given, and the *Times* always prints the complete text. Is it a newspaper or the daily installment of the archives of history? The *Times* sallies forth more and more frequently to find the news—Harrison Salisbury's report from the South, a recent series on the economics of the theater, and Anthony Lewis's series on Massachusetts politics are outstanding examples—but mostly the *Times* waits smugly to receive the news. And then it tells everything it knows. A friend of mine has suggested that the *Times* could save its readers about an hour a day if it would put what was really new right up front in a story and then print the rest of its report under a dignified subhead saying "You Already Know What Comes Next." There might be another subhead later on to the effect that "The Following Details, Given for the Sake of Complete Historical Accuracy, Are Not Actually Very Important."

One thing the *Times* needs is some fairly sharp editing. If you cut out all of the material under the two subheads you would still have a pretty good paper. In fact what you would have would be something very much like the *Herald Tribune.* In the relatively brief time since John Hay Whitney bought out the Reids, he has made two more or less complete changes in the top editorial brass, so that it's not always easy to guess from day to day which way the *Trib* is going. Just when I began to like some of the innovations for which I understand Managing Editor Fendall Yerxa was largely responsible—just then a whole new team came in under John Denson, the former editor of *Newsweek,* and the *Trib* suddenly seems to have acquired some of the less commendable aspects of a news magazine. It's all cluttered up with eye-catching but often irrelevant feature stories, headlines and picture captions that are cute rather than informative, and little boxes that I suppose are supposed to give you a chuckle. All this distresses me because I am convinced that the city badly needs a good *Herald Tribune.*

If you cut the *Trib's* ration of important news down still further and jive it up with a lot of flashy headlines and first names, you have the two morning tabloids, the *News* and the *Mirror.* I am not, of course, taking account of all the sensational stories and special features that give the tabloids their distinctive personality; I am talking here about newspapers as *news* papers, not entertainment. There is no doubt that the tabloids are very entertaining. I have heard a number of intellectuals in the sort of *Partisan Review* set, if you know what I mean, claim that the *News* is the best paper in America because it tells what we are really like. God knows, they may be right.

The *Mirror,* a Hearst paper, is overshadowed both by its rival, the *News,* in the morning and by its big brother, the *Journal American,* in the afternoon. It seems to me you could make the *Journal American* by putting back some of the news you had taken out of the *Trib* to make the tabloids in the morning—and a good deal of it still *would* be morning news warmed over—and adding a banner headline about a prison break in the Bronx (in which no prisoners actually got away). Frankly, the *Journal American* is my favorite afternoon paper, but that's probably because I keep looking to see if they've printed Westbrook Pegler or my Social Security number. I guess there's more news in the *World-Telegram and Sun* than in the *Journal American,* but it isn't much, and the whole thing is put together with a sort of bleak Scripps-Howard respectability that sort of blurs before

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your eyes after a hard day at the office.

And finally there is the liberal paper. If you took all the news that you had been passing around from paper to paper all day and let Jimmy Wechsler throw it in his wastebasket after he'd written an editorial deploring it, you'd have the New York *Post*. There is almost no news in the *Post*, although there are a number of signed columns written by high-minded liberals who apparently *have* read papers that carry news.

I HAVE, of course, oversimplified the picture shamefully. But on the whole, when you cut away the gimmicks and circulation builders, I am more impressed by how much our papers are alike than by how different they are from each other. Some print more and some print less, but all of them tend to take what they are pleased to call the news pretty much as its given to them, by everybody from Robert Moses to Nikita Khrushchev. Even our best papers display remarkably little enterprise in this great free-enterprise system of ours. Why, for instance, is the chaos of traffic and transportation in this great city only news when there's a fire in the subway? Or at the other extreme, why is the fate of democracy in South Korea—which gets more economic aid from us than any other nation in the world and whose very existence was preserved at the cost of fifty-four thousand American lives—why is South Korea only news when there's a *coup d'état* there?

Toward the end of his second term of office, one of our most irascible Presidents wrote to a friend: "Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. . . . I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow citizens, who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief that they have known something of what has been passing in the world in their time."

No, the man who wrote these words was not Harry Truman. It was Jefferson. His devotion to freedom of the press never wavered for an instant, but he realized that it's also important what the press *does* with that precious freedom.

News and the Nation's Security

DOUGLASS CATER

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S appeal last April for the press to use "self-restraint" when handling news affecting national security had a predictable response. A self-deputized group of editors and publishers called on Mr. Kennedy to inquire what he had in mind. They emerged an hour later to assure reporters that there was no need at this time for any kind of voluntary censorship machinery. Did they agree with Mr. Kennedy that there was need for self-restraint? The group's spokesman, Felix McKnight, editor of the Dallas *Times Herald* and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, answered, "Any responsible editor faces that news judgment every day."

Mr. Kennedy was reluctant to appear to be pressing for any particular plan of reform. He did suggest that if the editors would designate one of their members—he mentioned Turner Catledge, managing editor of the New York *Times*, as an example—the government would willingly brief him on its secrets so that he might serve as adviser, strictly ex-officio, to his colleagues. But the suggestion made little impact. Afterward, Benjamin McKelway, editor of the Washington *Evening Star*, denied that any proposals had been made to the group.

News That Hurts

A serious shortcoming in this meeting between the President and the press was the absence of a bill of particulars. President Kennedy had no desire to cite specific news stories, and the press group did not ask that any be cited. It was too bad. Examining the various categories of examples submitted to the White House from the various government agencies would at least have provided the basis for discussion of a problem that is both serious and subtle.

A first category deals with news stories directly revealing military secrets. Ever since the Second World War, Pentagon officials complain, it has become common practice for data about weapons and scientific developments to appear in the press before they are formally declassified. Speed and flight characteristics, firepower, rates of production, and location of plants and weapons sites sometimes appear while a weapons system is in the design or experimental stages. The press has revealed scientific probes being kept under wraps, such as the Argus shots in outer space. It speculates freely and informedly on the target dates of the various space probes. All this, according to the complaints, advertises to the Soviets our precise plans and priorities in time for them to engage in effective counterplanning.

A second category of complaint covers news that reveals to the Soviets not only *what* we know about them but *how* we know it. The American press, claim the critics, thus does the work for Soviet counterintelligence. One example was a *Time* article in 1958, two years before the U-2 incident, reporting that "High-altitude U.S. photo-reconnaissance planes flying from the West made a night-time penetration of Russian airspace in late 1956 or early 1957." The article also noted that by measuring the Krypton 85 in the atmosphere, "U.S. experts guesstimate that the Russians have something like three thousand nuclear weapons."

A more directly damaging intelligence breach—to which the President referred in his speech to the publishers—occurred in February, 1960, when the New York *Times* reported, "The Soviet Union made two unsuccessful launching attempts during its recent test firings of a powerful new rocket into the Pacific Ocean, United States officials said today." The failures, according to the story, had been detected by U.S. listening posts in the Middle East.

This was not the first disclosure of the detection system. A year earlier, *U.S. News & World Report* carried a detailed account relating that "Powerful radio listening posts . . .

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surround the Soviet Union . . . not only record what is said by fixed stations, but even pick up short-distance radio communications between mobile units of the Red Army in the field thousands of miles from the western 'ears.'" But the New York *Times* story, citing specific evidence of what had been detected, evidently triggered a Soviet reaction. As a result, Mr. Kennedy noted in his speech, alterations in the detection mechanisms had to be made "at the expense of considerable time and money."

ACCORDING to government's complaint, the press has been similarly unrestrained in revealing possibilities for aerial surveillance of the Soviet Union since the U-2's exposure. In its issue of May 16, 1960, appearing shortly before the Summit Conference was scheduled to convene, *Aviation Week* carried a feature article announcing, "United States will continue manned reconnaissance flights over the heart of the Soviet Union despite Russian retaliation threats." Reporting that the U-2 was not the only U.S. high-altitude aircraft available, it claimed that "Other, more advanced manned reconnaissance systems will go above 100,000 feet, using exotic fuels developed during the past five years. . . ." Two weeks later, Hanson Baldwin reported in the New York *Times* that this plane, sometimes described as the "U-3," had been put in jeopardy by the U-2's misfortune.

Other alternatives to the U-2 have also been widely publicized in the press. A month before the U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers was shot down in Russia, there were news stories labeling the newly launched Tiros weather satellite as "spy in the sky." When officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration protested this designation, one story proclaimed, "Tiros I may prove unintentional spy."

As evidence that this publicity was not lost on the Soviets, NASA officials point to an article in the Soviet publication *International Affairs* by Georgi Zhukov, a close adviser to Khrushchev. It quoted a *Wall Street Journal* article of May 10, 1960: "Now that Russia has proved it can knock American spy planes out of the sky, the United States will rush development of a new method for peeping behind the iron curtain—via satellites in space."

Scoop and Distortion

But the government's case does not end with the violations of strict military secrecy. According to some critics, there are other categories of news reporting that do potentially greater damage to national security. Robert Cutler, who was Eisenhower's Assistant for National Security Council Affairs, once declared, "I am convinced that leaks to the press of matters in a discussion stage, of working papers, or oral Council deliberation, of bits and pieces of the vast paraphernalia that goes into careful, reasoned, sensible policymaking, play into the enemy's hands."

Part of this complaint is directed at the proclivity of reporters to "scoop" the government on matters

to be negotiated at the international conference table. Premature publicity, it is pointed out, can effectively destroy the U.S. bargaining position before there has been a chance to bargain. During the days before resumption of the test-ban talks in Geneva last March, there was a series of advance disclosures about what the United States would offer. On March 21, the day the talks began, the New York *Times's* remarkably accurate account of concessions to be made by the American negotiators caused shock among officials in the Disarmament Administration.

The press also does damage, in the opinion of the government critics, when, by relying on biased sources, it presents a distorted picture of government policies still in the formative process. One quoted example was the recent Washington *Evening Star* account of a private memorandum written by Secretary of State Rusk to Secretary of Defense McNamara. According to the *Star*, Rusk proposed that "'Even massive [Soviet] attacks on Europe should be met with conventional weapons." This story, State Department officials claimed, caused consternation among our allies, particularly the West Germans, who were sensitive to any weakening in the new administration's military posture.

IT TURNED OUT that what Rusk was actually proposing was to consider how to raise the "nuclear threshold" so that the first outbreak of fighting in Europe would not provoke an atomic holocaust. In the opening paragraph of his memorandum, he had also stressed the necessity of strengthening the nation's nuclear forces. But the *Star* story had not been based on the memorandum directly, only on an "interpretation" of it supplied by someone in the Air Force who was obviously hostile to the Secretary of State's position. Without making the memorandum public, Rusk found it impossible to provide an effective rebuttal.

One final category: officials argue that the impact of news stories, perfectly innocuous at one time, can be disastrous at another. It depends, too, on the way they are played. A case in point was a New York *Times* story of February 20, which appeared at the precise moment when the U.S. representatives at the United Nations were denying Soviet charges that we contemplated unilateral intervention in the Congo. The story was headlined "U.S. Navy Ready for Congo Role," and mentioned five U.S. ships operating near the Gulf of Guinea "ostensibly for good will visits to African ports but also for a possible emergency role in the Congo crisis." Statistics quoted from a Navy memorandum provided a detailed account of the logistical requirements for such an operation.

In fact, the memo had been pre-

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pared some time earlier for the purpose of comparing the Navy's "sealift" capacity to the Air Force's "airlift" (naturally the sealift was superior). It was unclassified, having no relation to the Congo crisis. But the resulting uproar that took place within Ambassador Adlai Stevenson's mission to the United Nations promptly caused it to be labeled, too late, top secret.

Why Secrets Are Leaked

Mr. Kennedy has not been the first of the postwar Presidents to be concerned with security. Truman once claimed, "Ninety-five per cent of our secret information has been published by newspapers and slick magazines." And Eisenhower confessed he had been "plagued by inexplicable, undiscovered leaks in this government." His assistant Cutler went farthest of all in his protest, declaring: "In this world where freedom as never before struggles rawly for survival, what is the role of . . . free press in the United States with respect to publication of secret security matters? . . . I suggest that, in these areas, they must make clear how they will contribute to our survival." Cutler argued: "Until the President has acted, until he has approved a policy recommendation made to him by the National Security Council, nothing has happened." The press, in other words, has no business poking around.

For the reporter in Washington there is a note of unreality about much of the outcry over secrecy. It ignores the method and motivation by which secrets leak out. Despite Cutler's contention, news does happen in our form of government before it tidily crosses the President's desk. Policies and programs being fought out frequently depend for their life or death on the publicity that can stimulate political support. This is the way our government works and will probably continue to work even in a time of national peril.

Comparatively little of this traffic is in classified documents. The Alsop brothers, who have disclosed their share of secrets over the years, once claimed that neither one had read a secret document for more than a decade. "Furthermore, if anyone now made us a present of a classified document," they have testified, "we should reject it as firmly as we should reject a pot of poison."

The reporter grows callous when he sees how readily available the secrets of government are if he shows a little energy and imagination. Partly, the slippage results from the inevitable problem of the Executive in keeping Congress informed. Congressmen are garrulous by vocation. In the case of military secrets, Pentagon censors frequently must work in great haste to meet the urgent deadlines imposed by the legislative committees. One service's censor is not always aware of another service's secrets. The result is the kind of mixup that occurred when the House Appropriations Committee recently published hearings in which General Thomas D. White's testimony about the speed and take-off characteristics of the F-105 and F4-H jet fighters was deleted while Admiral Arleigh A. Burke's testimony on the precise same subject remained intact.

BUT FREQUENTLY the motivation goes deeper than that. A longtime correspondent, William S. White, has written: "The leak of exclusive story is rarely an example of a reporter's persistence or skill. More often it is simply an evidence of the harassed necessity of some official to put a situation before the public with a spurious sense of drama in order to gain attention for it."

In the defense field particularly, the competitive desire of a military service or a related defense industry to promote its own interests leads to steady leakage of technical secrets. The reporter has only to read the numerous military trade journals—also available to the Soviets—through which Pentagon-subsidized manufacturers boost their wares. This rivalry over weapons can build into the sort of rivalry over doctrine and strategy that caused an Air Force zealot to feed out the twisted version of Rusk's memorandum.

It can have other bizarre consequences. In testimony before the Joint Atomic Energy Committee last year, Admiral Hyman Rickover reported that a toy manufacturer had produced a $2.98 plastic model of the Polaris submarine complete with a sheet of instructions stating that it was in strict accordance with official Navy blueprints. A Soviet ship designer, he said, could "spend one hour on that model and tell he has millions of dollars' worth of free information." Rickover, admitting that the Navy had allowed production of the model, declared, "I personally am aghast that this was done, but our internal military controversy is so great that there is a tendency for each service wholeheartedly to fight the others in order to achieve its own objectives."

The reporter feels that he is often made the whipping boy for government's lack of discretion. Eisenhower administration officials, sensitive on Soviet primacy in space, deliberately encouraged stories to show that the United States was not being caught unawares. The NASA regularly announced Soviet space shots ahead of the Russians. Not being privy to details of our intelligence methods, the press could not be aware when certain facts about the Soviet missile failures were peculiarly sensitive.

The Kennedy administration's policy, now that U-2 surveillance has been cut off, is to keep the Soviets in doubt concerning how much is known about them. But the reporter still detects an ambivalence in officialdom's attitude toward security. Secretary McNamara caused wry reactions when he complained to the Senate Armed Services Committee of press disclosures that the Nike-Zeus anti-missile system was deficient. "What we ought to be saying is that we have the most perfect anti-ICBM system that the human mind will ever devise," he declared. Reporters could point to McNamara's own testimony in the same hearings as confirmation of Nike-Zeus shortcomings.

The reporter fears that what officials really want is to make him into a glorified public-relations man for the government. He detects a desire in the upper echelons of the Kennedy administration, possibly more than in the previous one, to create an illusion of intimacy with the public. Around the White House there has been a relaxed attitude toward some security matters, as when TV cameras were allowed to record a candid chat between Kennedy and

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his deputy, John J. McCloy, about disarmament plans.

During the post-mortem on the Cuban fiasco, one newsman's story that caused consternation at the White House was traced directly to a Presidential background session with a group of reporters. Mr. Kennedy always found that it paid to be fearlessly frank with the press when he was a candidate. He has had difficulty setting an example of discretion now that he is dealing in national rather than campaign strategies.

Traffic Rules and Self-Restraint

The press in America has traditionally operated with a healthy mistrust of secrecy in government. It feels confirmed in that mistrust when a secrecy-shrouded operation like the Cuban one reveals glaring errors of information and judgment. At the same time, there are many reporters in Washington who are sorely troubled by the dilemma President Kennedy posed in his speech to the publishers. They recognize that they frequently must operate in a no-man's land where news and national security are in conflict. They lack the reassuring guideposts of wartime.

This is not largely a dilemma posed by yellow journalism or even —as when the Chicago *Tribune* revealed the cracking of the Japanese code during the Second World War —grossly irresponsible journalism. As the examples would indicate, this dilemma affects the New York *Times* more than most, precisely because it is more reliable and contains more news than most.

The reporter with any brains and enterprise cannot help knowing more news than is fit to print. Whether he admits it or not, he does in fact exercise self-censorship nearly every day in the stories he selects or rejects. Anyone who reported everything he knew would not be in business for long.

The problem is how to develop restraints in an unruly and competitive profession without crippling the fiercely independent approach that makes for good reporting. It is too simple to suggest, as one editor did to Mr. Kennedy, that "The job of protecting security is one that lies with the government by policing its own sources of information." Certainly that is the beginning of the job, and officials like Secretary McNamara need to be encouraged in their efforts to lay down a few traffic rules. Yet, in an establishment as vast as the Pentagon, it is difficult to run down the culprit. It took an estimated one thousand man-hours of investigation before the Air Force general suspected of leaking the Rusk memorandum story could be exiled to Maxwell Field, Alabama.

From the press's viewpoint, having the government handle the whole police job by itself would be an unhappy prospect. Key agencies could impose tight entry controls as well as restrictions on contacts with employees. It would severely cripple the reporter who needs a privileged position of access if he is to do an ade-

quate job. The solution does not lie in making the nation secure by keeping the press ignorant.

A Two-Way Responsibility

The solution lies more in stimulating a sense of realization among reporters, and more particularly among editors, that the decision to publish news affecting national security should be based on a higher standard than what is referred to as "news judgment." Even responsible reporters are tempted to go the limit when there is no disapprobation for the irresponsible. Disclosures that are at first shocking become accepted as common practice. Precautions considered normal when dealing with local news situations—no editor would prematurely expose police efforts to capture a kidnapper—are lightly abandoned when dealing with national news.

Before the press group called on Kennedy, they received a letter from Murray Snyder, who fought many unhappy battles over security as Eisenhower's Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs. Snyder suggested the creation of an advisory White House panel of top news executives, paid by the media, who would have the same high security clearance now provided newsmen on reserve status with the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization. He concluded, "The media and government officials can never reach agreement on what stories will hurt the country and the free world unless they are able to talk about them in depth and with complete candor, *before they break*" (the italics are Snyder's).

But the two-way responsibility between press and government should not end there. The President also needs to have someone at the White House—someone removed from the petty and parochial fights within the departments—whose job is to watch over the conflict between news and the nation's security. He should not have a censor's mentality. His primary purpose would be to determine how fast and fully the news of government could be gotten out. When a distorted story, such as the Rusk memorandum, was brought to his attention, he would work to round it out rather than suppress it. He would be obliged to rigorously eschew public-relations stunts designed to garner cheap publicity for the administration. Only by an open and aboveboard approach to the news could he develop the mutual trust with the press that would permit him to advise reporters or their editors when a story should be delayed or deleted in the interest of national security.

THERE need to be ways of arbitrating the war of intelligence-counterintelligence that goes on between government and the press. The opportunity to converse about their problems could be beneficial to both sides. Who knows? If members of the press had had a chance to voice their private fears about the woefully ill-conceived and ill-concealed Cuban operation while there was still time, maybe the administration would have had sense enough to call the whole thing off.

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The Strange Legacy Of 'El Benefactor'

EDWARD DE GRAFF

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, when the sugar domain of the late Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo y Molina was in an early stage of evolution, a delegation representing certain foreign companies arrived in the Dominican Republic. Negotiations dragged along until General Anselmo Paulino Alvarez, then Trujillo's alter ego and indisputably the number two man in the hierarchy, appeared on the scene.

Paulino was a mountainous man who wore large dark glasses, and two pistols dangled from his belt. He was dark, rough, sebaceous, and sinister. One of his underlings told him there was a law that prohibited the arrangement that both sides desired. Following his custom, he took charge at once.

"Get the dean of the Law School," Paulino said. The time was ten in the morning.

The dean arrived at ten-thirty. Paulino pointed out the offending statute and said, "You have until half-past eleven to draft a new law."

"What then?" inquired one of the visitors.

"Then," said Paulino, "the law will arrive at Congress by noon. Congress will have until three o'clock to pass it."

And so it happened. Except that the Congress did not require the full three hours.

The incident is unimportant. It is merely representative. But it does reveal the ruthless sense of purpose by which the Trujillo economic empire was assembled. And it hints at the nature of the difficulties that will attend its dismantling. Thirty-one years of this unwavering effort have produced an economic kingdom quite unlike anything else in the world today. It is really a gigantic medieval fiefdom in which the greater part of the national assets are held directly by the feudal lord or, through him, by a small circle of nobility. From these a sprinkling of lesser blessings filters down to their various retainers.

Also unique is the social process that has made this feudal growth possible. That process is the merger, more intimate and final than the closest marriage, of politics and economics. One is not even a branch of the other, for they are identical.

Now that Trujillo is dead, it is unlikely that abilities any less obsessive and forceful than those of the domineering and wily tyrant can manage this one-man national economy. But how is the great machine to be taken apart and reassembled along more orthodox lines without grinding to a halt? It is impossible to realize the complexity of this work of economic reconstruction without first understanding the extent of the Trujillo holdings and the devices and stratagems by which they were acquired.

Both Sugar and Salt

As to the extent of the holdings, the general conclusion is clear enough. With a few possible exceptions, Trujillo owned directly or indirectly a substantial interest in nearly every major enterprise in the country. His immediate circle owns much of the remainder.

The acquisitive instinct appeared when Trujillo was still a mere general. His mistress, María Martínez (the mother of his son Ramfis, and later to become his third wife), obtained with Trujillo's help the laundry concession for the army. A little later she made a small fortune by advancing to government employees their monthly salaries for a fee of five per cent. Trujillo himself began to accumulate large estates. Soon after his assumption of the presidency in 1930 he had the salt monopoly firmly in hand.

Other ventures soon followed by the score. When social-insurance legislation was enacted, a Trujillo insurance company was ready and waiting to sell the government the necessary accident insurance for all workers. Tobacco was another early monopoly, in the form of an uninviting cigarette that was sustained only by a tariff so high that American cigarettes sold for eighty-five cents a pack. When the black market in imported cigarettes proved hard to abolish, the Trujillo company took it over by obtaining sole distribution rights for all U.S. brands.

Peanut oil was still another Trujillo monopoly, and a real bonanza because of the strange absence of animal fats from the store shelves. The peanut residue produces animal feed, and it happens that Trujillo also owned much of the cattle industry. Cattle led to meat packing, the government-owned facilities for which were financed by the Export-Import Bank of Washington and then leased to Trujillo. In the same manner, lumber concessions led to a furniture monopoly.

The business complex of Trujillo ranged from guns to cognac, and about sixty thousand workers are said to be employed in private factories serving these undertakings.

Other important interests are controlled by Trujillo's brother-in-law, Francisco Martínez Alba. They include the cement monopoly, the construction industry, hardware, and almost the entire import business of the country.

SUGAR DESERVES a special word because of its dominant position in the Dominican economy. This complicated and costly business was at one time owned entirely by foreign concerns. Here Trujillo moved cautiously, temporarily investing a substantial amount of his own money. Two mills were constructed after the Second World War, including the installations at Rio Haina, the largest in the world. Ten more properties were obtained by purchase from American or Canadian owners.

In the development of the Rio Haina plantations, the land was bought from the former owners at forced-sale figures. Those who were slow to get the point were dispossessed and relocated. The expense of the vast undertaking was offset by a twenty-year tax exemption. Costs were cut to the bone by the use of government irrigation, the free use of gov-

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ernment construction equipment, and the availability of soldiers and convicts as laborers. But even more was required, and the government was glad to oblige. In 1953 Trujillo sold his entire holdings to a government bank which paid him $50 million in cash and government securities. Soon after, several of his dummy corporations bought the properties back on long and easy terms. The $50 million was spent in the purchase of other estates, to round out the Trujillo properties. Today the Trujillo interest in sugar comprises about two-thirds of the country's production and is worth well over $100 million.

It is impossible to state with any accuracy the total value of the Trujillo economic aggregation. Estimates range from $500 million to $1 billion. The diversity of these holdings, however, is no greater than the variety of the means by which they were put together.

What the Left Hand Doeth

If there is any thread that can be traced through the entire fabric of the Trujillo operations, it is the use of the power of the government, directly or indirectly, openly or covertly, in support of private purposes, so that there ceased to be any real distinction between "public" and "private."

The salt story illustrates one method. The pre-Trujillo salt producers were conducting business in a manner that the new chief of government chose to characterize as unsanitary. They were expropriated in the name of public health and order, and a concession for sanitary salt was given to a Trujillo company. In 1946, to obtain cash, Trujillo sold the business to a government bank at a good profit. The government then invested large sums in new equipment and in the development of new deposits. In 1955, another Trujillo company repurchased the whole expanded and improved operation from the government.

The tobacco story illustrates another method. Anselmo Copello, majority owner of the leading tobacco company, received an appointment as ambassador to the United States in 1943, after being pushed almost to the wall. At the same time, he decided to sell a substantial interest in his company to Trujillo at a gentlemanly figure.

The importing activities of Martínez Alba grew to their present significance by another effective device. This was the judicious granting and withholding of import permits and the enactment of regulations calculated to harm one company and favor another.

A different kind of ingenuity was used in the case of Trujillo's shipping company. When it failed to produce a profit, it was mortgaged to the Banco de Reservas for $3 million. Trujillo soon turned the fleet over to the bank in discharge of the debt. The government had the unprofitable ships; Trujillo had the cash.

It is this complexity of method combined with a general façade

of legitimacy that will make the untangling and redistributing of this nexus of holdings so difficult. But untangled and redistributed it will have to be, sooner or later, in one manner or another. Unless the coterie of relatives and hangers-on survives intact, the pressure from other elements of the public for a share in the national patrimony will be irresistible. And it is highly unlikely that the coterie can survive, for its abilities are of a lesser order. Moreover, the history of our time demonstrates amply that no nation can remain stable without a broad and effective middle class, and such a class cannot exist without participation in the national economy.

The various exile groups now plotting their return to the Dominican Republic have plans of various sorts for the payment of reparations or the restitution of improperly acquired property, but the task will be enormously difficult. How is an improper acquisition to be defined?

Assume the purchase by a Trujillo company of a cement plant at sixty per cent of book value. Was the purchase improper because of some veiled political hint in the background? What if the sale was sweetened by an offer of assistance in the matter of an import permit for an unrelated business? What if the rights of innocent heirs are involved? Suppose the business was resold and the proceeds honestly reinvested in another enterprise? What if the sale was made only because of a harsh municipal ordinance designed for another purpose? If the business has tripled in value, are the original owners entitled to the increment? Suppose a law was enacted for the purpose of forcing the sale: how do you prove it when the official record is full of other justifications for its enactment?

In short, how will the law be able to establish the slight elevation of a bureaucrat's eyebrow or the delicate tapping of a police inspector's fingers upon a table? Thousands of such questions will surely arise. They will all be different. And they must all be answered with some approximation of justice. If they are not, the evolution of this feudal realm into a modern society will be delayed until revolutionary pressures arise or are imported.

Trujillo held power for thirty-one years, and his reign deeply altered the institutions of his country. A new order must be evolved in a country with little experience in the methods and traditions of modern economic organization. Who can establish and administer the new system? Who can afford to buy whatever assets are made available to public investment except the sort of people who now own most of the property?

Perhaps even more important, a new order will have to face the utter erosion of will and spirit, the inevitable legacy of long tyranny.

In the last 140 years, the Dominican Republic has experienced the bloody rule of Haiti, status as a colony of Spain by request, an offer of absorption into the United States, a succession of venal and sometimes bestial dictatorships, complete civic stagnation, thirty revolutions, foreign management of its customs collections, and the arrival of the United States Marines. It is hardly an impressive preparation for a difficult venture in self-rule at a time when the Caribbean is seething with turmoil and foreign pressures.

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The Viscount Malgré Lui

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

LONDON

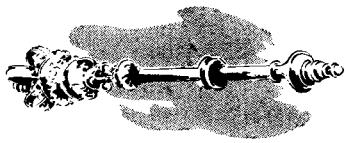
IT NOW LOOKS as if the British peerage may finally meet its doom, not because of the unfair privileges its members enjoy but because of the unfair disadvantages under which they suffer. Its feudal walls are threatened today not by the common masses seeking to get in but by a noble few struggling desperately to get out. So long as the House of Lords merely kept the people down, that was tolerable. The complaint today, however, is quite different—that it is preventing ambitious noblemen from climbing up. This is clearly a much more serious matter. For a nation that is at one and the same time deeply snobbish and passionately against injustice, no rallying cry could carry farther or unite more sections of the population than that of "Unfair to noblemen!" This, of course, is why the second Viscount Stansgate, better known as Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, has managed in the last few weeks to shake the hereditary peerage far more severely than all the egalitarian, radical assaults of the past.

Until his father, the first Viscount Stansgate, died a few months ago, young Anthony was a prominent Labour M.P. who greatly enjoyed the rough-and-tumble of party warfare in the Lower Chamber and could look forward to rapid promotion if a Labour government was ever returned to power. The last thing he wanted was to have to leave the Commons as a result of inheriting a peerage.

Cynics assume that his disinclination springs from arrogant ambition to become prime minister or chancellor of the exchequer, which now is virtually out of the question for a peer. Lord Stansgate himself rebuts the charge, pointing out quite rightly that apart from these two top offices, all cabinet posts are open to members of the House of Lords, as is confirmed by the Earl of Home's appointment as foreign secretary. Indeed, the prospects of office are probably higher for a Labour peer than for a Labour M.P., since there are relatively few peers to choose from. The fact remains, however, that in the Labour Party at any rate, a peer does suffer profound disadvantages sufficient to deter an ambitious politician. While his prospects of office may improve, his chance of exercising influence in the party is substantially diminished.

Room at the Bottom?

There have, of course, been other M.P. sons of noble fathers, like the present Lord Hailsham, who have also sought to retain their right to sit in the House of Commons after succeeding to their father's title. (Incidentally, Sir Winston Churchill's refusal to be ennobled springs from a desire to avoid putting Mr. Ran-



dolph Churchill in this predicament—a rather fanciful scruple seeing that the younger Churchill's political future has been blocked by self-created obstacles.) But no one before has been prepared to carry his struggle as far as Lord Stansgate, who has not only pleaded with the Commons—as did Lord Hailsham—to alter its rules barring peers from membership, but also summoned the people to his aid by putting himself forward as the candidate in the by-election that followed his involuntary ennoblement.

What is more, he won the by-election with a massive majority. So the question facing the country now is not simply whether an ambitious M.P. should be sent to the Lords against his will; it is the far more burning issue of whether the electors should be denied the representative of their choice simply because he happens to have had a peer as a father.

There can, I think, be very little doubt that an overwhelming majority of the country feels that Lord Stansgate, and the electors who voted for him, are in the right and that the government, in refusing to give way, is wrong. Yet if the government were to give way and were to allow Lord Stansgate to renounce his title and retain his seat, it is difficult to see how the hereditary principle could long survive. For the essence of an hereditary system is that it imposes duties as well as privileges, removing them altogether from the sphere of personal choice. If a coronet can be put on and taken off at will, it loses precisely those special qualities without which it is no different from any ordinary headgear. Put it another way: if one hereditary peer is free to divest himself at will of his nobility, how can this avoid making other hereditary peers who wish to keep their titles look rather foolish?

REASONS of party advantage would certainly prompt the government to sacrifice the hereditary principle, since the arguments by which it can be defended make little appeal to a modern electorate. The two merits usually claimed for a hereditary aristocracy in politics are disinterestedness and mediocrity. A class whose position in society is fixed and which is therefore immune to the corrupting force of ambition is, so its apologists tell us, particularly suited to take a long and honorable view of the nation's interest. To Edmund Burke, an even stronger argument for the hereditary principle was that it contributed to the governing class that essential element of ordinariness, of similarity to the common man, which is absent from meritocracy. G. K. Chesterton made the same point when he contended that the House of Lords was a far more democratic institution than the House of Commons, because to be an M.P. you had in practice to be a successful businessman, trade unionist, or lawyer, which are all achievements, whereas to be a lord you had only to be born, which is a universal experience.

A modern Tory could go even further and turn the tables on the Marxist critique of aristocracy. In the old days it was probably true to say that the argument of disinterestedness fell to the ground, since a landowning aristocracy was itself, *par excellence,* a highly organized special interest. Insofar as the aristocracy today has any economic

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basis, it comes from the ownership of shares in industry which are controlled not by the shareholders but by up-and-coming salaried technocrats. In other words, it is now possible for the hereditary aristocrats to be disinterested in a way that they could never be before. For the first time they can really practice *noblesse oblige*—and the administration of the social services provides infinite opportunities for this—since they have ceased to be a class or an interest in competition with other classes or interests.

None of these arguments, however, would be likely to convince the public that Lord Stansgate should be sacrificed on the altar of the hereditary principle. They are both too elusive and too abstract to lend themselves to platform exposition. Therefore, what the government is much more likely to do is to meet Lord Stansgate's agitation by putting forward its own reform program for the House of Lords, not only to solve the problem of peers' renouncing their titles and retaining their seats in the Commons but also to make other more radical changes.

This, however, is far from what the Labour Party actually wants. Although it is theoretically opposed to the hereditary principle, it is even more opposed in practice to the idea of breathing really effective new life into the Upper Chamber. The Socialists well realize that if the House of Lords were to be composed largely of life peers chosen on the grounds of individual merit, rather than largely of hereditary noblemen chosen by birth, this would immensely strengthen its influence. A body that contained the elite of industry, trade unionism, the professions, and the arts would be able to compete with the Commons on far more favorable terms than the present feudal institution.

Why should the Labour Party be frightened of such a development? The short answer is that an Upper Chamber reformed on nonhereditary lines would probably be just as conservative as the present body; but whereas in its present form it is easy enough to dismiss its views with impunity, in a reformed state it would have to be taken far more seriously. In short, by modernizing the House of Lords and stripping off its feudal encrustations, the Tories might well prop it up as an instrument of conservative power for yet a few more centuries. Basically, therefore, the Labour Party is as fearful of the consequences of Lord Stansgate's campaign as is the Tory Party.

Further reform of the House of Lords, like so much else in British history, may come about more by accident than by design, not because of some deep surge of opinion about some major question of principle but because of what almost amounts to a personal accident. For the first Lord Stansgate, who was himself a staunch Socialist, accepted a peerage only with the greatest reluctance and against his better judgment. It was during the Second World War, and the coalition government felt that in the interest of national unity, Labour Party representation in the Lords needed strengthening. At that time young Anthony's political ambitions seemed scarcely relevant, since his elder brother, who was subsequently killed in the war, was still alive. But if the first Lord Stansgate had not felt it his patriotic duty to accept Churchill's request, it is unlikely that there would have had to be a Parliamentary inquiry into reform of the Lords in 1961.

For there can be little doubt that the momentum the Wedgwood Benn case has gathered is personal rather than ideological. It is *for* Benn rather than against the aristocracy; for "common sense," which

argues that the nobility of this particular father should not be visited on the head of this particular son, rather than against the idea of inherited titles altogether.

That, at any rate, is how the problem presented itself initially. But in the course of the ensuing debate the argument has spread from the particular to the general, since the only way the government has been able to refuse Lord Stansgate's personal request has been on grounds of general principle. And once the Tories fell back on their basic belief in hereditary aristocracy—which few of their younger members really believe in—the Socialists in turn were forced to riposte by attacking that principle root and branch, which again few of them are really eager to do. So against the will of both parties, the question of House of Lords reform has been thrust into the center of the political stage, and the government has been compelled to set up a Parliamentary inquiry that nobody wants.

The outcome is all the more absurd since in recent years the House of Lords has been giving general satisfaction. Indeed, in their pragmatic way, the Tories have been reforming the Lords in practice without changing its principles, largely through the innovation of life peerages, surely one of Mr. Macmillan's most constructive contributions to British politics. Every year the government recommends that the Queen elevate a limited number of public figures, both men and women, to the House of Lords—but only for the span of their own lifetime. The title ends with their death. Sociologists, headmasters, economists, industrialists have all been honored in this way. Barbara Wootton, for example, is now to be heard lecturing their Lordships on the causes of sexual crime and other matters. As a result, the debates are certainly very often a good deal more expert and even more lively than they are in the Commons.

Lord Stansgate has interrupted this gradual, illogical, pragmatic adaptation of the Lords to modern conditions by raising an issue about his personal future that cannot be solved except by a clear-cut decision of basic principle here and now.

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The Lost Decades In Italian History

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

ON APRIL 25, Italy commemorated the sixteenth anniversary of its liberation from Fascist rule. The celebration, if somewhat matter-of-fact, wasn't yet the perfunctory affair it may become a few generations hence: while not all Italians had opposed Fascism by any means, those who did aren't likely to forget it. But how about those who have come after them? What do Italians born in the 1930's and 1940's know about Mussolini beyond the fact that he drained the Pontine Marshes? What do they know of his *squadristi* and castor-oil treatments and Pact of Steel with Hitler, of the Nazi occupation in Italy and the partisan Resistance?

The powerful obliterating force of time has been at work. There are, of course, some young men and women who feel strongly about Fascism, one way or the other. But even these tend to see the era just preceding theirs through the lens of folklore, and an unnerving number of others seem as incurious and disengaged about it as they might be about the Boxer Rebellion.

Clearly, time alone cannot be blamed for this state of affairs: sixteen years aren't all that long. But time has been helped, in this case, by the disinclination of older Italians to talk about such painful memories, and still more by the fact that a whole generation has grown to manhood without learning a word on the subject in its schools.

It was only eight months ago that the government decided to permit the teaching of history from 1922—Year One of the Fascist Era—onward. Until then, all history had stopped, from primary school through the university, at the First World War; and many scholars felt that this was just as it should be. For a country shrouded in classic academic traditions, the idea of injecting shrill political controversy into the classroom was highly unorthodox. Moreover, to teach about Fascism fully and fairly, with all its ignoble features—political oppression at home, predatory raids abroad, defeat and disgrace in war, fratricidal bloodshed—requires an exacting kind of patriotism as well as objectivity. No scholastic formulation, however guarded, could have failed to add

one more scabrous issue to all the others in domestic politics; and no government since the Liberation had felt strong enough to face that.

Certified Chronicles

The present government of Amintore Fanfani, which has finally done so, isn't much stronger than the others. But it has evidently decided that the immediate risk is small compared to the risk of having a second generation reach voting age in political innocence. "With the time that has elapsed and the objective evaluation that scholars have made," said the Minister of Education in his proclamation, "these events [since 1922] have by now entered under the arch of history. They can no longer be ignored in official teaching, lest our youth should have an incomplete and insufficient knowledge of the new democratic order of the republic."

Admirable as the minister's intentions might have been, however, the results so far are discouraging. Actually, Italian scholars have done very little toward making an objective evaluation of Mussolini and his works. The fault is not entirely theirs, since all official documents on that period are locked up in the state archives, where probably they will stay for quite a while. Nevertheless, the fact remains that not many historians here have contributed so much as a reasonably impartial essay on those years, and not one has yet produced a full textbook. Hence, though contemporary history has been part of the official curriculum since last November, it still isn't included in school examinations; only three professors are giving courses on it in the universities; in the high schools a number of teachers skip the subject altogether, and the others rely on hastily prepared supplements to old textbooks.

MANY TEXTBOOKS suffer from a crippling reticence or deliberate deformation, or both. One of the most widely circulated high-school history texts, for example, describes Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia by saying: "Ethiopia came into conflict with Italy because of a violation of frontiers by the Ethiopians"; it adds that Mussolini attacked Greece because "Greece refused to join the tripartite Rome-Berlin-Tokyo alliance"; it goes on to explain that Mussolini sent his army to help Franco in Spain because, though Franco was rebelling against a legally elected government, that government was "*an anti-clerical democratic republic* [author's italics] heading swiftly toward Bolshevism, and imposed by a minority on a traditionally Catholic and monarchist nation"; and it clarifies Hitler's rise to power by saying: "In the uneasy period after the First World War, Germany suffered more than any other belligerent state; but, formed by a people with great moral resources and national pride, it did not take long to rise again." The same author devotes one line to anti-Semitism in Nazi Germany by referring to

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Hitler's "vexatious campaign against the Jews."

In another high-school text, also widely circulated, most of Europe's troubles between the two world wars are ascribed to the Versailles Treaty, which, among other things, destroyed the Austro-Hungarian Empire, "that centuries-old bulwark of Latin-German civilization against the growing pressure of the Slavs"; the discontent caused by that treaty is described as having so disoriented Italian soldiers returning from the war that, "instigated by parties of the Left with a criminal propaganda of hatred against the ruling classes, they abandoned themselves to public demonstrations, and even fell so low as to occupy the factories"; and it was in this political debilitation, against which the "healthy part of the nation reacted," that Mussolini took on the task of rescuing the country from "the Bolshevism spreading over the Peninsula." According to the same author, Mussolini was a man of "extraordinary dynamism . . . [and] an admirer of the history and grandeur of Rome . . . who let himself be seduced by the idea, noble in itself, of conferring similar fortunes on the New Italy." It was with these "audacious aspirations," the author concludes, that "the Duce ruined himself and Fascism." After his arrest on July 25, 1943, "The announcement of this extraordinary event immediately brought a wave of lively anti-Fascist agitation throughout Italy: the number of Fascist victims was very great."

These are egregious examples. But even in the less exuberant texts, the kind of facts that any citizen of a young and untried democracy like Italy's ought to know are often obscured or ignored altogether. In the high-school and junior-high texts particularly—and only a small fraction of Italy's youth goes on to college—the student is given to understand, by and large, that Fascism arose in Italy as the only alternative to Communism; that it was a more or less mild dictatorship (of the "rosewater" variety, as a university graduate in political science assured me); that the expansionist policies of Mussolini and Hitler both were simply a continuation of the pre-First World War struggle between have and have-not nations (with no indication that Fascism might have had unusual historical characteristics); that the Second World War, therefore, was no different from the First (except that the second time Italy chose the losing side); that partisan fighters in the Resistance were on the same juridical, political, and moral plane as those who fought for Mussolini's puppet Salò Republic (formed by the Germans after the Duce had been overthrown); and that whatever might have gone wrong with Mussolini's plans, it was Britain, the United States, Haile Selassie, the League of Nations, Hitler, or at worst the Duce's sycophantic advisers who were to blame.

Rare are the textbooks that talk of Mussolini's responsibility for the murder of the Socialist leader Matteotti in 1924 (which marked the end of all liberty in Italy), or the Fascist *squadristi* who once roamed the

country beating and killing opponents of the Duce, or the arrests, the torture, and the long prison sentences inflicted on Italian democrats. Even the massacre of more than three hundred Italian hostages in Rome's Ardeatine Caves—the primary symbol of Nazi brutality during Hitler's wartime occupation of Italy—is hardly ever mentioned.

Democracy Under the Caesars

It would be surprising, in these circumstances, if Italy's younger citizens could have a clear idea of the fears, hopes, suffering, and ideals that went into the founding of the present republic—all the more so since not many of them even have a clear idea of how the republic works. Until three years ago, the schools here gave no instruction in civics. The function of the government and the rights and duties of its citizens were matters left to political parties or the press for explanation; and so little explaining was done that few Italians under thirty today could define precisely the powers of the president, or the division of powers among the state's executive, legislative, and judicial branches, or the other constitutional provisions.

Parliament tried to correct this in 1958 by ordering the addition of civics courses to the school syllabus at all levels. But with the syllabus running back to the founding of the Roman Empire, the average time devoted to this new subject has been about sixteen hours a year. Many teachers who know nothing about the material simply don't teach it; and here again, the textbooks are not excessively helpful. Of the fifty civics texts examined recently by the Committee for Cultural Freedom, directed by Ignazio Silone, only fifteen were found adequate. Among the others, one is apt to come across statements like "We have the fortune to live in a family and a state organized in an almost perfect manner, and we enjoy a splendid civilization," or "Woman has a fundamental and delicate function in society, in that every woman is or will be a mother." On occasion, the statements are a good deal more deadly. "Solely from the political point of view," says one widely used text, "the coming and continuance of the Fascist régime 'revolutionized' [author's quotes] the Italian state, transforming it from a liberal, democratic, and parliamentary state to an authoritarian and totalitarian one. But all this was done in the most orthodox legality. . . . A typical *coup d'état,* on the other hand, was the deposition of the Fascist régime on July 25, 1943, and thereafter." "No social organism can exist," says another popular text, "if the will of all men does not become a single will. No form of social life can be imagined without a guide, without those who command and those who obey. The social organism can survive and prosper, therefore, only when there exists within it a hierarchy among men, in the sense that some are given to lead and command, and all the others have the duty to let themselves be guided and obey."

While texts like these might give

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the impression that Italy's school system is riddled with Fascists, that isn't true. Many of the authors quoted here consider themselves democrats, and the teaching staffs have at least as many conscious anti-Fascists as Fascists. But the authors aren't all scholars, nor can they easily shake off the mental habits of a lifetime; and between the political extremes on the school faculties is a large body of overworked and underpaid teachers whose chief concern is to stay out of trouble, and who have no particular views on anything at all. For them, the republic, the constitution, and the Resistance seem somehow to be delicate and vaguely dangerous themes: and they feel it is unpleasant and unsafe, as well as unpatriotic, to dwell on the disagreeable aspects of their country's recent past. In this regard, there isn't much doubt that they reflect a considerable body of public opinion.

Italy has been a unified state for only a hundred years and a democratic republic for only fifteen, with twenty-two years of Fascism in between. The Italians haven't had much time, therefore, to accumulate lasting democratic traditions in politics. Unless the gaps in their educational system are repaired, three generations of them will have had no chance to pick up the elementary principles of democratic thinking in the schools.

THE FACT that most Italians have stuck to democracy since the republic was formed is a tribute to their moral quality. For the most part, these are people who have lived through Fascism, and therefore know what democracy *isn't*. The time is coming soon when the overwhelming majority of voters will not even have had such experience to go by. Whether or not these younger Italians are alone in their prevailing attitudes of indifference and noncommitment —and these seem to be a universal mark of our times—a disturbing number are nevertheless indifferent and uncommitted. Under these conditions, one can't help wondering how long the republic can continue to resist the encroaching totalitarian movements of both Right and Left by relying on the instincts rather than on the training of its citizens.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

All Quiet Along the Ubangi

SERGE MAMONTOFF

I AM NOT at all an adventurer, but a very ordinary man, and I hate to travel. But war and the hatreds left by it, and the precarious situation of a stateless foreigner in Europe, have prompted me to come to a part of the world about which I once knew little. Kwango, where I now live, is a tiny speck in the heart of Black Africa. On a map you might find Bangui, which has become the capital of the new Central African Republic, or even Bambari, the nearest town to us; but Kwango is inhabited only by some three thousand Negroes (no one has ever counted them) and by me.

When I first came to Kwango from Bordeaux thirteen years ago to supervise a sisal-hemp plantation, the journey took almost a month. Communications are somewhat improved now, but our mail is still brought by a foot runner. Like everyone else, I live in a thatched hut, which leaks in the rainy season. Right in front, glimmering through the mango trees, flows the Ubangi River, a tributary of the Congo; on its opposite bank is the Belgian Congo, whose troubles have, thank God, not reached us. Here all is still quiet.

I have come to like Kwango. I can almost call it home. There is great beauty in it, particularly the Ubangi River, which is more than a mile wide, with islands inhabited by buffaloes and at times even by elephants who swim across.

In the rainy season, running from April to November, the Ubangi is deep and powerful, swift and threatening. In the dry months the current subsides and the water clears. Hippos sleep on the sand banks of the islands, which are visited by flocks of wild duck and proud eagles. The Negroes catch gigantic fish in their nets, wading in the water without fear of crocodiles.

I like to watch the passage on the river of an important chieftain. Some twenty oarsmen row on each side of the long piragua while the chief sits on a chair under an umbrella. A man squats at his feet beating a tom-tom. In the back of the boat is a crowd of wives and children and behind these a helmsman, while on the bow, dancing and gesturing, stands a sorcerer with a painted face and dressed in feathers and bright rags. The whole crew chants a savage monotonous tune.

POOR NEGROES wear no clothes except for a rag to hide their sex. As soon as they have money, they dress in white or bright fabrics. Women like colored *bongos,* pieces of cloth which they drape around them. They are coquettish and laugh easily. Some are quite pretty and well built. The general level of poverty has been appalling, but after several years of work at our plantation their stock of possessions has grown. You may find in the huts one or two homemade beds with blankets and mats, a table, benches, and even a chair, a chest with a lock, and some pots and pans.

They love to buy anything, whether they need it or not: a Negro who has a hat, shoes, and glasses considers himself *"évolué."* He is proud of himself, vain and often impudent. Whether *évolué* or not, he also loves to dance, drink, and gamble. Gambling is the scourge. Crooks roam the villages around the plantation after payday and fleece the workmen. Gambling and liquor are technically forbidden, but how can one enforce prohibition of either? I have told my *capitas* or foremen: "I know my Negroes have a still and I don't mind if they drink a little. But if there are rows, I will have to destroy the still and send the distillers to the commandant." If I find men gambling, I seize their money and tear it up. "If you gamble, this means that you don't need your money," I tell them, and they don't object.

Negroes here hate work and always

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try to wriggle out of it. I think this is because only women and slaves used to work before white men came and also because they used to be whipped. Even the pay they get is too low to make them care for it, and besides they cannot count or calculate. Also, if their standard of living goes up, so does the birth rate.

It often seems to me that foreign administrators require too much of the natives. They have jumped in sixty years from the Stone Age to the Iron, a road we took five thousand years to travel. Some macabre stories still go around about cases of human flesh eating. A Negro had his leg amputated after an accident, and when he came to from the anesthetic he claimed his limb in order to eat it. But the male nurse had already done that.

EVERY MORNING, before we start work, I hold roll call. Before me stand some twenty-five to thirty Negroes with their *capita*. I give a point to those present and a zero to those who don't respond and are thus absent.

"Mamadoo . . ."
"Monsieur."
"Binguinengoo . . ."
"Perzon"—meaning "Present."
"Roukouzoo . . ."
No reply.
"Padjiki . . ."
"Perzon."

I suddenly remember that Padjiki died three days ago. Every day I keep calling his name because it is still on the list and every day somebody answers "Perzon." I should strike out his name. But let us go on. "Kossi . . ." "Permission," meaning that Kossi wants to have a day's leave. I turn toward the *capita*. "Is it all right to give him leave?" "Yes," he answers, "his brother has died." If the *capita* refuses, I say "Permission *pepé*," which means no leave. There is never any protest.

My relations with the natives are friendly. I know their way of living now and I try to help whenever I can. During the roll the men tell me their troubles. If the case is simple, I give my judgment at once; if not, I postpone it to the day of justice, which is every Tuesday. Negroes have a very deep sense of justice, though it is not always our way—and justice is rare in Africa.

On Tuesday, the major problems are brought before me.

"Rogofo versus Mambo," I jot down in my notebook. "Tell me, Rogofo, what happened?"

Rogofo speaks easily without groping for words and makes great gestures with his hands. Negroes love to appear before a judge or a doctor. To them this is like a movie. I am sure that many of them invent cases in order to play an important role. It does not even matter if it costs them money.

"My cock," says Rogofo, "went to visit Mambo's hens. These now have

chicks and Mambo must give me a few of them to pay for my cock's work."

I try to keep serious. "Why do you think your cock and not another one fathered Mambo's chicks? Malikuboo has a cock too and so has the mechanic."

Rogofo smiles condescendingly at my naïveté and begins to explain with some eloquence the psychology and way of living of a cock. To him there is no doubt that the chicks are from his bird. Even Mambo is impressed. When I ask Mambo to speak too, he says that he does not know whose cock fathered his chicks.

"All right," I say, and turning to the three *capitas* who serve as my jury, I ask them if they have followed the case well. "Yes, Monsieur," they answer.

"Go there into the corner and decide how this case should be judged. And you over there, make room for the *capitas* and don't listen to them talking among themselves."

The *capitas* return. "Well?" "Mambo should give one chick to Rogofo." I write the verdict down and the case is closed. I must now see that it is executed, because I am not only the judge but also the police officer.

THE NEXT CASE is one of adultery and has to be judged by force of custom. It goes like this: the husband accuses his wife, who speaks as the witness, and the lover is condemned to pay three hundred African francs ($1.20) to the husband. If the lover has communicated a contagious disease to the woman, he must pay five hundred francs, and the husband is satisfied. No dishonor is attached to the woman. If she commits adultery too often, I threaten to send her to the chief Succombi, who will make her work at a cotton plantation.

"There you can sleep with all the guards, you whore," I say. This does not frighten the woman but her husband worries. He knows that the guards will pay him nothing. For a time he will force his wife to contain her desires.

Sometimes I am puzzled by my jury's decisions.

"Why did you decide that Zulinga should pay Togo, who has beaten him up?"

"Yes, Togo has beaten him but Zulinga's brother sleeps with Togo's sister and fifteen years ago Zulinga's father stole Togo's father's piragua."

I have to bow to their verdict and note it in my book. Here is another puzzling case: N'Dakala has killed Baliowa with a knife.

"Why did you do it?" "He poisoned my wife." "Are you sure of it?" "Yes." "How so?" "I asked the M'Bele about it and he told me that Baliowa poisoned my wife. If the M'Bele says so it is true. He is never wrong." I am dumfounded and the

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guards take N'Dakala away. I can see that the Negroes are on his side. For them it is clear that the M'Bele can never be wrong.

This M'Bele is a big tarantula, a giant hairy spider who lives in the ground. The Negro finds his hole and tells him in a loud voice that his wife is sick, that she has probably been poisoned though he does not know by whom, and he would like the M'Bele to let him know about it. He then puts some match-like sticks around the hole, still speaking out loud:

"This stick is my wife, who was poisoned; this one is Baliowa, whom I suspect of the poisoning; this one is Makomba and that one Ouga, who could have done it too. And this dark little stick represents death, and if my wife must die, put it on top of her stick." The man then repeats it all to be sure that M'Bele has understood, covers the hole with a basket, and goes away. He returns the next morning, and if Baliowa's stick has been crossed with that of his wife, the whole thing is clear. He takes his knife and kills Baliowa. This is no crime but a legal vengeance commanded by M'Bele, who knows everything and is never wrong. Yet white men put N'Dakala in jail because he is a murderer.

I don't like the day of court; it is exhausting. I must be careful, patient, and impartial. I am not really competent to be a judge. But if I let the Negroes seek justice from their own chief, Succombi would choose in favor of him who brings the best gift.

ONE SUNDAY I was sitting on my porch when several Negroes came to me: "Ooghee *kooway,*" they said: "Ooghee is dead." This news surprised me. Ooghee was a giant Negro of gentle character and I had seen him the day before in the hospital very much alive. Now Yakpa, the *capita,* was asking me for two hundred francs in order to buy a white *bongo* as a winding sheet. I gave him the money and asked, "Where is Ooghee?"

"They have taken him into his brother's village, where they will drum the tom-tom." (It is the Negroes' custom to dance around a corpse.)

That same night, while I was having my dinner, my boy rushed in shouting: "Monsieur! Ooghee, who was dead, got up again!"

"What is this nonsense?" "It is true, everybody has seen him!" "Then he is not dead?"

"Oh, he was dead, but now he is alive again. They have brought him to you." And he opened the door for me to see. The moon was full. I went out to the group of Negroes standing before my house, wondering what I should do with Ooghee, dead or alive. They lowered to the ground before me a hammock made of a blanket attached to a pole. In it lay Ooghee, who looked at me with a visible effort. "He is alive," I said, and called for a male nurse to bring a stretcher with a blanket. "Give him a shot of camphor oil, take him to his hut, let him drink, cover him well, and leave him alone."

I went back home and I asked my boy, "Why did they tell me that he was dead when he is alive?" "He was dead," answered the boy, "but when they started to beat the tom-tom and dance, he woke up."

The following evening I heard voices and laments. Outside was a crowd of Negroes around a stretcher with the same unfortunate Ooghee obviously unconscious and moaning. "Why do you drag him around?" I asked. "He is dead and we want to take him to his brother's village." "You are crazy; he is alive and he should be left alone." A woman less shy than the others said: "He is like dead and we must dance around him." "Idiot!" I shouted in disgust, but Ooghee's brother and all the others sided with her. "Well, do as you like," I had to say. "You are savages and you will surely kill him." As I walked back to my house, I heard their joyous cries as they walked away with the stretcher.

Next day the nurse told me that Ooghee was really dead and I had to give boards and nails for his coffin and some oil for a lamp to be lit near his body. As I rode my bicycle through his brother's village on my way to the sawmill, I saw Ooghee being buried.

NOTHING happens naturally with my Negroes. All misfortunes come from witchcraft. If someone dies or falls ill, it is because he has received a *yoro,* which can be poison or the evil eye. In a case of death, the members of the deceased's family begin to hunt for the person who has quarreled with him and thus thrown him the *yoro.* When the culprit has been chosen, witnesses are found at once to prove that this man had cast an evil spell. To avoid being killed by the family of the dead, the victim will pay them a fine.

Once in the rainy season there was a big thunderstorm and lightning struck and burned a hut in our village. The *capitas* brought before me a terrified woman. "Monsieur," they said, "we must kick out of our village all Yakpa women. They bring the lightning down." "What nonsense!" "But it is true, every child knows it. Here is one of these women."

He beckons her to come nearer. "Have you brought the lightning on the house?" I ask her. "Yes, Monsieur, I made the lightning strike the house." For a minute I don't know what to do. Then I show her several large banknotes on my table. "Here is a lot of money," I say to her. "If you make lightning come down on this table, it is all yours." She remains silent, but I know that my arguments have not changed the Negroes' beliefs.

You can see that it is not easy to be a judge in Africa.

THE NEGROES are talkative as a rule, but they will never speak of their religious customs. Yet from time to time I get bits of information. One day I told my men to take some white clay from the river bank to paint a building. They were silent, then one of them came forward: "One must put an egg on the river bank for Ngoo-Karangoo, the devil of the river."

I gave them the egg, and they placed it on the river bank and went peacefully to work there. The next day it was still there; nobody had dared to offend the devil.

I have begun to play at being a sorcerer myself. One day Deoto came to see me, shivering and leaning on a cane. "Monsieur, when I went to work at Kanga, I got a *yoro,* I was poisoned." I thought it was malaria. "Don't worry, Deoto, I will cure you. White men have a *yoro* against all kinds of poison." I took

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some quinine which had come from the Belgian Congo and thus was in a container unknown hereabouts and handed it to him. "Look at the moon and swallow my *yoro*," I said. "Then go to bed and sleep and tomorrow I will give you another *yoro* if you need one." Deoto was cured the next day.

Another time M'Bassanguia came to me for his pay. This was strange; I thought I remembered having paid him, yet no blue cross stood near his name on my list. Not being sure, I told him to return the next day and swear that he had not been paid. If he told the truth it would be all right; if he did not, a misfortune would befall him. M'Bassanguia did not come by himself the next day, but I had him brought to me by the *capitas*. He swore that he had not received his pay and I handed him the money. "Remember what I told you," I said gazing at him intensely.

A week later the doctor came to visit our post. Out of the crowd who gathered to consult him, he picked one serious case. M'Bassanguia seemed to be dying, and the doctor decided to take him to the Bambari hospital. "You don't have to take him," I said. "I think I can cure him myself."

I went to M'Bassanguia, looked at him intently again, and put my hand on his shoulder. "It is all right, M'Bassanguia," I said. "I forgive you. Your illness is *ahway*—finished. Go and sleep and tomorrow you can come to the roll call." The next day M'Bassanguia was at the roll call, and he is still working for me today. He is a good worker.

OUR NEGROES are nice fellows but their brains work quite differently from ours. So far, we have had no trouble here in the jungle. There are only two or three towns in our province, and the trouble always begins in the towns—from half-educated Negroes who envy the way of living of the white people. My relations with the people around here remain excellent. Yet I realize that if they are aroused by rioters from the towns, they will gladly loot all my belongings.

I hope this does not happen because there is room here for all of them and for me as well.

Massive Detergence

MARYA MANNES

THERE ARE TIMES when about five million television viewers get mad simultaneously. It is when the networks assume their obligations to the American public and show them events of importance, whether a man in space or a President in trouble, between noon and five P.M. when their favorite soap operas are normally visible. Then the letters pour in, saying "How dare you?" or "How can you?"

The soap operas, as even those who have never seen them know, are so called because they are sponsored largely by cleaning products, though prepared foods and other household items help pick up the tab. There are nine of them, each lasting twelve to twenty-two minutes. Of the estimated five millions addicted to one or more Soaps a day, the majority are home-bound women, augmented by invalids, nightworkers, the unemployed, and the retired. And although I am not one of them, I know something of the compulsion that draws them to their sets.

I started looking simply to find out what they were like, for I felt that anything which claimed the attention of so sizable a group of Americans warranted my own. I looked at them clinically from time to time, fascinated by the separate world in which they moved, by their formulas, their characterizations, their tricks, and, if indeed there is one apart from selling soap, their purpose. I was held, too, by the over-all excellence of the acting and direction, the ingenuity of the plotting, and a casting little short of inspired: the performers had become the people.

My clinical interest still remains, but the daytime serials I now view serve another purpose: brainwashing. I find nothing that rests a mind better after a few hours of thinking and writing than a short breather around midday or mid-afternoon, for a Soap makes no claims whatever on the intelligence. On the contrary, it suspends it. With music one must think of something. With these serials one can think of nothing. One floats in a never-never land perfectly conveyed by titles that mean absolutely nothing: "Love of Life," "Search for Tomorrow," "Guiding Light," "As the World Turns," "From These Roots," "The Secret Storm," "Edge of Night." But there are no edges. All is suffused, formless, unresolving, unending. And with the many small credibilities, the minutiae of reality, all is incredible.

Or is it, I wondered, incredible only to me? Is this the way most of us think and feel? Would we act as they do in given circumstances? Do these serials tell us, in oversimplified form, what kind of people we really are?

There is no question of their wide popular acceptance, confined though it may be to a special and largely feminine segment of viewers. The volume of letters to CBS and NBC is evidence enough of the involvement they feel in the families they watch on screen; distress over deaths, resentment of "villians," advice on child rearing. Serial actors are constantly accosted on the street by strangers who greet them as old friends, met every weekday for years on end. To the truly addicted, the people in soap operas are important company, a part of their lives.

WHO ARE THEY? I can speak with authority of the characters in "Search for Tomorrow," "The Guiding Light," "As the World Turns," "The Secret Storm," and "Edge of Night," and they fall quite easily into certain groupings. One is the Mother of the Family, characterized in at least three of these serials by women of a monumental stupidity. It is hard to decide which is the most obtuse: Mrs. Hughes in "As the World Turns," Mrs. Bergman in "Search for Tomorrow," or Mrs. Bauer in "The Guiding Light." These ladies rarely stir out of their kitchens (the counters of which are totally free of food), never open a book, never turn on a record player, and preface every statement, at no matter what hour, with an offer of a cup of coffee. Their provinciality

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is stupefying: they can talk of nothing but personal matters, many of which are none of their business. They pry into the lives of their children and their neighbors and their friends with no compunction, proffering judgment or advice when it is least required.

MOTHER: "Did you go out with Don last night?"

DAUGHTER: "Yes."

MOTHER: "Did you have a good time? What did you talk about? Has he proposed? Do you think you should go on seeing him if he hasn't?"

And so forth.

Reticence is unheard of. Lives, like suburban lawns, are common property. It is made very clear by the writers that these are the salt of the earth: fine mothers and housewives who know their place in the home. Yet these same women never let go of their children. None of them can bear to see their grown sons leave their house, and if their grown daughters marry they are expected to spend much of their spare time in the parental home, confiding in Mom and Dad. I have yet to hear one serial Mother tell her son to go out and be a man, or advise her daughter to stand on her own feet. Maternal love in a Soap is the degree to which you bind your family to you, and if one of the bonds is loosened, it can be to no good end.

Another category of female is the Difficult Daughter. Ellen in "As the World Turns," Susan in "The Secret Storm," and, until recent conversion, Judy in "Edge of Night" are prime examples of young women who should have had their bottoms whacked daily since childhood and their aberrations knocked out of them by men, whether father or suitor. Willful, sentimental, inclined to hysteria, and largely foolish, they are yet presumed to be objects of love or pity. Though they make the lives of others intolerable, they are the beneficiaries of tolerance. I remember myself applauding quietly when the suffering parents in "The Secret Storm" could stand their Susan no longer and accused her of being the bitch she was. Unfortunately, love seems to be creeping in again and a penitent Susan will be reclaimed to the bosom of her family.

I can think of only two girls in these serials who make young American womanhood supportable. One is a teen-ager called Amy, sister of the terrible Susan, who is not only intelligent but educated, direct, and humorous. I suspect that her independence of spirit will crumble at the touch of love, and instead of immersing herself in poetry and drama, she will find True Happiness in the kitchen.

I thought for a while that a delightful girl called Janet, in "Search for Tomorrow," might conduct her life with some sense in spite of retarded parents, but as of now she has decided to return to a young lout to whom she was married before she married a nice doctor because she thought the lout was dead, but he wasn't, and she's having a baby by the doctor, to whom she is *not* married but he doesn't know it. If

you don't understand that, skip it. It's clear as crystal to me and to 4,999,999 other people.

NEARLY every Soap has a Tiresome Grandfather. In "As the World Turns" there is Pa, who slops around his son's house in suspenders and old sweaters emitting little wisdoms of mawkish banality. There is Judge Lowell in the same serial, a television writer's image of the old-school gentleman, all pompous integrity and legal rectitude. And there is Myra Ames's father in "The Secret Storm," personification of another favorite television image, the intellectual. This retired professor lives with his books, quotes copiously from the classics, and is an odious meddler, full of dangerous sophistries. There is lovable old Papa Bauer in "The Guiding Light," who speaks with a heavy German accent and out of his simple wisdom knows the score. He also tells it.

The younger male generation in Soaps is what one might expect: adolescents with callow voices who are preoccupied first with becoming doctors or lawyers and second with dating their neighbor's daughter. If they are not Lovable, they are Problems Who Need Help. The Help is given by the parents who have made them Problems in the first place, or by the Love of the Right Girl. In rare moments of revelation, the boys get impatient with Mom, but in the end they realize they never had it so good as when she sewed on their buttons.

It is encouraging to report, however, that of all these categories the most sympathetic are the Wise Fathers. Dad is a pretty good Joe, and the only thing the matter with Chris Hughes or Peter Ames or Doug Casson is that they don't divorce their wives or at least knock some sense into them. When their irritation with Mom becomes insupportable (and that should be daily, but isn't), they usually leave the room. Only rarely do they lash out at the little woman, and this is hastily followed by a scene of reconciliation in which a tender embrace gives Mom the right to make an ass of herself again in the next installment. The American husband is a chronic martyr.

The matter of professions in Soaps is revealing. If these good men can't be doctors, they are lawyers. Stu Bergman, to be sure, runs a motor haven and sells cars, but then he's a simpler fellow. Arthur Tate runs something called Tate Enterprises, which is never explained, but then what is business but sitting at a desk and saying "Will you come in for a minute?" on the intercom? Detectives and police commissioners are all right, particularly in a serial which, like "Edge of Night," concerns itself largely with crime and the law; and I do remember one engineer. Being president of a department store is fine, and Peter Ames actually does talk of stocks and sales and turnovers. Journalists can get under the wire if they expose vice, but if they just write novels, they're unreliable. If you can be a Man of God, like Richard the minister in "The Brighter Day," you are, of course, the greatest.

BUT WATCH OUT for the arts. A prime cad in "The Guiding Light" is a fellow who runs an art gallery. He has all the vices: he is sophisticated, widely traveled, a Connossoor, and considerably older than

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the girl he wishes to wed. I find him most attractive, possibly because he is so Evil.

Of occupations for women, only nursing and secretarial work are really justified, and then only to fill the time between romances or after disaster. A Soap woman works Instead, never For; and the mere fact of leaving home during the day is a sign of deep emotional disturbance. Sometimes one of the Difficult Daughters takes a job: the impossible Ellen spent several months running a bookshop to try to forget the illegitimate baby she gave away (she's trying to get it back now), but in every sequence someone would tell her that work was bad for her, it was only an escape. No decent serial female wants to be anything but a wife and mother, and the Soaps are full of able-bodied and pretty-faced girls languishing because they are neither instead of having fun in the world. In television it is unthinkable to make use of your brains, possibly because you have none.

The serials are peopled mainly by White Anglo-Saxon Protestants, but once in a while, just to show the melting pot, we have our German Papa Bauer or a young man of Italian origin called Torino (but he's clean-cut), and one or two characters who look vaguely Jewish but have names like Brown. Everybody lives in a flawlessly neat suburban house or an equally tidy little apartment, with matching lamps and flower prints. Everybody dresses well, except advanced alcoholics, who Don't Care.

Of the diseases that afflict Soap people with dire frequency, alcoholism and paralysis top the list. At least once a season, in each of the nine Soaps, somebody gets paralyzed either through a car accident or some traumatic shock. Psychosomatic blindness is high on the list, and it is imperative that out of every three babies born to the young women, one dies at birth. Nobody has the common cold, intestinal flu, or lumbago.

Medical and legal talk are the only two areas of serial conversation not entirely intrapersonal in nature, and I feel that if I stay by my set long enough I may become an expert in surgical procedure, diagnosis, bed care, and trial law. More time is spent in hospitals and courts, in fact, than at home, and it would appear that every American family is involved every month either with a near-fatal illness or a crucial legal case involving divorce, adoption, or murder. A brush with syndicated crime is also on the weekly agenda. I never knew how easy it was for nice folk to get involved with large-scale larceny or dope pushing, but if you believe the Soaps, that fellow your daughter is dating heads up the ring.

THE DIALOGUE in Soaps very often shows a fine ear for natural talk and differentiation of character.

Living with their people as they do year in year out, the writers know them. Presumably, too, they hold no illusions about their audience; the simplest statement is spelled out for the simplest ear:

"I don't think Amy is looking well."

"What do you mean?"

Or:

"I wonder if Jim still loves her."

"What do you mean?"

At the end of each day's serial is a portentous phrase boding trouble in the next installment. Locked in a mutual gaze, the principals say:

"It may change everything . . . everything."

Or:

"You're determined to go through with this? . . . no matter what happens?"

"No matter what happens."

It is clear from the high level of competence in the writing, acting, and production of Soaps that the professionals involved are deliberate with their banalities, their repetitions, and their expositions. They know what they can and cannot do, a knowledge based on certain firm assumptions concerning their audience. One is that Americans do not want to see people better than themselves, although they derive comfort from seeing people worse, and worse off, than themselves. Women would react adversely to seeing a female character in a Soap who enjoyed a superior intelligence and any degree of freedom from domesticity greater than their own. If a serial woman is too smart or too gay or too sexy or too sophisticated, it can only mean that she is bad and disaster-prone. The good, simple woman in the home and in her apron, however, reaps—in the long, long tear-ridden run—the rewards.

Wealth in a Soap is usually looked upon with disfavor, unless those who own it are conspicuously civic-minded. If they should have servants (and the good ones seldom do), the only kind permissible is the warm-hearted member-of-the-family housekeeper. The woman viewer must at all times be reminded that the kitchen in which she watches the set is her natural habitat and the seal of her virtue.

As for the total exclusion of the outside world, this too is calculated, for how could people in serials talk naturally about current events without stirring the mind of the viewer out of its soothing insulation?

For this same reason, names or characteristics that might suggest a minority of race, religion, or national origin are generally excluded. A Soaper may speak with an Irish or foreign accent, but that's about it.

THE DAYTIME SERIAL is almost wholly devoid of humor. I can think of only one funny man in all of the nine, a detective in "Edge of Night" called Willy Bryan, and I love him for his airy frivolity. Sarah, almost the only housewife with a sense of fun, was in the same Soap, and when a car killed her several

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months ago, I grieved as much as her husband. I suspect that humor would endanger the precarious balance sustained between cozy domesticity and dire catastrophe, but I also suspect that we have become as a whole a very unhumorous people, ready, perhaps, to laugh at Mort Sahl but not at ourselves or at the human condition.

Certainly Soaps are designed to catch at the throat, and it is testimony again to the talents of their creators that they are able at moments to arouse emotions that are not entirely mawkish—low-keyed moments that are touching because they are believable. It is the Soaps' high drama which is preposterous, for it is crisis manufactured every day to bait and sustain attention How else can the relentless demands of the daily serial be met than by priming the narrative pump with artifice? Twelve or twenty-two minutes a day, each group of characters must be caught in a situation which must seem to change from scene to scene but must also be prolonged over weeks. This indeed is the art of the Soap: to move without moving ahead, to protract solution almost beyond endurance, to have in readiness new crises when the last one is finally solved. At least, this is the proven formula that has sold soap.

WHAT ELSE has it done? Its popularity, some say, is evidence enough that it serves a real need, and that need is most often defined as the identification of home-bound viewers with others like themselves, but usually less fortunate. In the face of the horrendous problems on screen, their own diminish. The problems of their own intransigent or misguided sons and daughters pale before the dangers besetting the young on Soaps. Their own bibulous husbands may be a trial, but at least they do not vanish from the home for years on end. Their younger brothers may cheat on exams, but they are not caught in the numbers racket.

It could also be argued that the viewers are daily confirmed in the essential moralities that rule civilized conduct. Kindness, fidelity, and probity are consistently stressed, cruelty and dishonesty deplored or condemned. Sternest of all, divorce is not even a last resort. It is no resort. The dissolution of a marriage can be justified only by the outright evil of one of its partners, for incompatibility is never to be recognized as basic. A husband and wife may be irritated with each other for specific reasons on specific occasions (Janet, they argue, should—or should not—go back to Bud), but the idea that they are profoundly mismated never enters in. Correction: I do remember that some years ago there was a rather attractive man called Jim (Ellen's father), who much preferred a sad sack named Edith to his own upper-class wife, but just as he was about to get loose and marry Edie he went out sailing and was hit on the head by a boom. As I said, you can't have any fun on Soaps. Between the frying pan and the fire, there is only the solace of a cup of coffee or a kiss: rapt and premarital or tender and connubial.

I have often wondered what would happen if the Soaps moved closer to reality. If a husband were a truck driver instead of a trial lawyer, and if there was a crisis in his family not because he was in the rackets but because he was out on strike; if a mother worried about her son not because he was dating the Wrong Girl but because he had homosexual tendencies; if a young couple were in bad money trouble because they bought now and didn't pay later; if a girl were in despair because she had venereal disease.

I wonder what would happen if a family discussed race riots in the South instead of what to wear at Mary's wedding. I wonder what would happen if a Soap father decided to build a fallout shelter.

What would happen might be the return to consciousness of the viewer; a state diametrically opposed to the desired one of disengagement from reality. The condition of fluid emotion, the mindless lull, would be pierced; and instead of that milky passivity which can best receive the sales message, the awakened mind, sniffing the danger of ideas, would harden and resist.

BUT, you may say, what harm is there in this respite from reality, these lachrymal secretions that wash away time and trouble? Soaps are indeed a waste of time, but there is always the argument in defense of mass entertainment that if people weren't looking at television or listening to radio they would be reading trash or playing cards or doing nothing.

The waste, to me, lies elsewhere: in the great expenditure of talent, effort, skill, imagination, and time toward such trivial ends. The writers, directors, and actors in daytime serials are too good to be doing what they are doing, which is the submission of their various arts to ulterior purposes. What they are selling is not their work but a product. And if it is a fact—and it is—that they are lucky to be employed at all, one may wonder at a society that can put its creative people to no higher use than killing time by selling detergents. All this wealth, and a wealth of care and money, goes into designing the package instead of nourishing the person. I am far less concerned over what Soaps do to the people who look at them than over what they do to the people who work in them, for this is security by erosion. I do not know how they can kid themselves that what they do has value; yet if they cannot, they do themselves equal harm.

The only harm to the five million viewers that I can think of—and this is imponderable—is the daily confirmation, as normal and desirable, of flabbiness as the human condition: sentimentality, lack of control or discipline, fuzziness of thinking, and the couch-inspired philosophy that bad people (and every Soap has them) are more to be pitied than censured—it's not their fault so much as society's. Yet society's fault is never spelt out, for society in Soaps is American and therefore fundamentally Good.

THE PITY is that there is much to be said for the serial as a form of expression. It has continuity. It has suspense. It can have infinite variety. It could lead to a greatly heightened awareness of the human condition. As a writer I can think of few more fascinating stints than to follow a nucleus of people through their days and years, freely, honestly, and with compassionate humor.

But then, you'd have to take the soap out of Soaps. And I can't see Mr. Clean standing for that.

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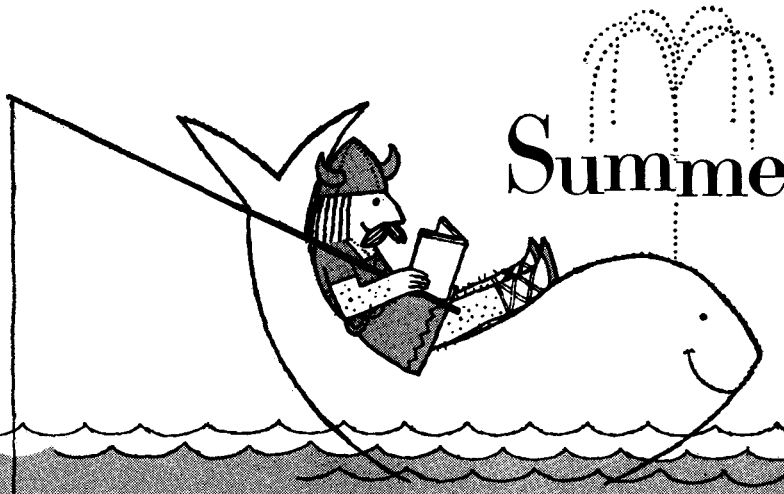

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RECORD NOTES

MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 4. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. (*London; stereo.*)

Last year's Mahler centennial gave rise to a spate of new recordings, some of them very creditable efforts but none of overwhelming significance. Now, belatedly, Mahlerites have something to shout about; this version of the Fourth Symphony really soars.

The Concertgebouw Orchestra begins with a long head start over the British and American orchestras that took part in most of the centennial productions. The musicians of Amsterdam have had Mahler's music in their blood since the turn of the century, and the prevailing somber-hued tone of the orchestra—reinforced by the mellow acoustics of the Concertgebouw auditorium itself—could not be better suited to the late-romantic idiom. It is to Georg Solti's great credit that he has been able to make use of this plushy tonal cushion without sinking in it too deeply. This is an incisive as well as an atmospheric performance, and the long line is never lost in detours for picturesque detail. Sylvia Stahlman, an American soprano who should have appeared on records before this, conveys the appropriate mixture of warm grace and unearthly innocence in the concluding solo. To cap it all, London's engineers have surpassed even their own high standards in the recording; the quiet opening of the third movement is as perfect a registration of string tone as I have ever heard.

SCHULLER: SEVEN STUDIES ON THEMES OF PAUL KLEE (1959). Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. (*Mercury; mono or stereo.*)

Each of Gunther Schuller's "Studies" relates in some way to a specific canvas by Klee—either as a re-creation in musical terms of the painting's design, shape, or color or as a more general interpretation of its mood or title—and each is a law unto itself. Thus, Klee's well-known "Twittering Machine" (1922) is translated by the composer into a sardonic, fragmented serial exercise in the late Webern tradition, whereas the "Arab Village" (also of 1922) gives rise to an exotic daub of scene painting reminiscent of Ravel or Florent Schmitt. Klee's "Pastorale" (1927) evokes some lovely atonal effects in the early Schoenberg manner, and "Little Blue Devil" (1933) inspires a jazzy piece with blues connotations that verges on the musical "third stream" (midway between jazz and traditional) of which Schuller is chief prophet. It can be seen that the work as a whole is disparate in style and eclectic in technique, but it shows the workings of an imaginative musical mind, and it is easy to understand why Schuller is regarded as one of this country's most promising young composers. Paul Fetler's "Contrasts for Orchestra" on the other side is

one of those busy Hindemithian pieces which are apparently much more fun to compose than to sit through.

JOHANN STRAUSS: WALTZES, POLKAS, OVERTURES. Philharmonia Promenade Orchestra, Henry Krips, cond. (*Angel; mono or stereo.*)

The expertise of conductor Henry Krips in the domain of light music has been well attested in previous collections of Waldteufel, Suppé, and assorted Viennese bonbons, and it comes as no great surprise that his first round of waltzes by Strauss should be away above par for the course. Krips is able to make an orchestra sound sparkling and vivacious without falling into the Mantovani-Kostelanetz habit of also making it sound gaudy and chrome-plated, and he has a good feeling for the snap as well as the lilt of three-quarter time. The present collation, entitled "The Irresistible Mr. Strauss," includes familiar waltzes ("Emperor" and "Artist's Life"), overtures ("Die Fledermaus" and "Gypsy Baron"), and polkas ("Thunder and Lightning" and "Tritsch-Tratsch") as well as an unfamiliar "Quadrille on Themes from Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*" that might just as well have been left on the shelf. Luminous stereo sound.

"THE YOUNG CARUSO." Enrico Caruso, tenor, with piano accompaniments. (*Angel; mono only.*)

The musical reputation of the phonograph dates from the day in March, 1902, when Enrico Caruso entered an improvised studio in Milan and recorded ten discs for the Gramophone Company of London. Before then the phonograph had been a toy; from that time on, it was a musical instrument. Eight of these ten recordings are included in the above LP reissue as well as eleven other Caruso waxings made later in 1902 and in 1903. (In most cases Angel's engineers were able to work from original master stampers stored in the company archives at Hayes, Middlesex.) Considering the date of origin, their sonic quality is extraordinarily good. To be sure, the piano accompaniments are jangly in tone and occasionally wobbly in pitch, but the magnificent voice itself is vibrant and immediate.

These early Caruso renditions offer powerful support to the proposition that great artists are born and not made. We have here incontrovertible evidence that at twenty-nine Caruso was already a singer of rare refinement as well as a vocalist of uncommon power and compass. Unlike most young tenors, he was a musician of stature rather than a singer of promise. But he had not yet become a personage, and along with the cultivated assurance of these 1902 recordings go an ebullience and a freshness that one sometimes misses in his later American issues on the Victor label. This quality of pristine vigor can be partly explained by the youth of the music. In 1902 the arias "Vesti la giubba" and "E lucevan le stelle" and "Amor ti vieta" were not hackneyed staples but new-minted creations; the bloom of spring was still upon them, and in these early recorded performances it is plainly to be heard. —ROLAND GELATT

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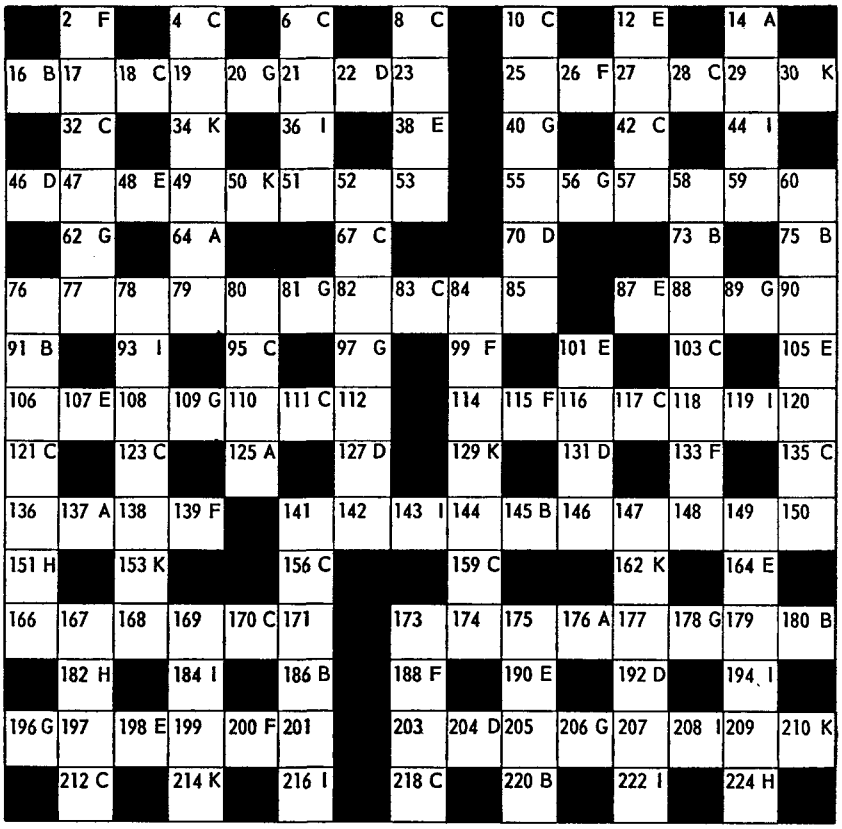
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 36

by HENRY ALLEN



A. $\overline{14}\ \overline{176}\ \overline{64}\ \overline{137}\ \overline{125}$
"_____ none blessed before his death." Ecclesiasticus.

B. $\overline{91}\ \overline{75}\ \overline{180}\ \overline{73}\ \overline{16}\ \overline{145}\ \overline{186}\ \overline{220}$
To leave a car at a parking meter too long. (4–4)

C. $\overline{10}\ \overline{32}\ \overline{156}\ \overline{42}\ \overline{159}\ \overline{83}\ \overline{212}\ \overline{28}\ \overline{121}\ \overline{135}\ \overline{4}\ \overline{95}$
$\overline{103}\ \overline{117}\ \overline{111}\ \overline{67}\ \overline{8}\ \overline{18}\ \overline{6}\ \overline{123}\ \overline{170}\ \overline{218}$
Famous novel by A.C. Doyle. (5,2,3,12)

D. $\overline{70}\ \overline{192}\ \overline{131}\ \overline{22}\ \overline{127}\ \overline{204}\ \overline{46}$ Shades of color.

E. $\overline{107}\ \overline{164}\ \overline{198}\ \overline{190}\ \overline{105}\ \overline{87}\ \overline{48}\ \overline{101}\ \overline{12}\ \overline{38}$
Force once enjoyed by the Acrostician. (5,5)

F. $\overline{200}\ \overline{115}\ \overline{133}\ \overline{188}\ \overline{2}\ \overline{99}\ \overline{26}\ \overline{139}$
Trademark at the beginning of J. Arthur Rank productions. (4,4)

G. $\overline{62}\ \overline{89}\ \overline{20}\ \overline{97}\ \overline{40}\ \overline{196}\ \overline{81}\ \overline{178}\ \overline{56}\ \overline{109}\ \overline{206}$
A burden or a claim on property.

H. $\overline{151}\ \overline{182}\ \overline{224}$
"His heart was one of those which most enamour us,/_____ to receive, and marble to retain." Byron, "Beppo."

I. $\overline{184}\ \overline{119}\ \overline{143}\ \overline{36}\ \overline{208}\ \overline{44}\ \overline{194}\ \overline{222}\ \overline{93}\ \overline{216}$
Disrespectful.

K. $\overline{214}\ \overline{162}\ \overline{34}\ \overline{50}\ \overline{153}\ \overline{129}\ \overline{210}\ \overline{30}$
"'Tis the voice of the _____; I heard him complain,/You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again." Isaac Watts, "Moral Songs."

Across

16. A broken peen holds a coil up in such a prehistoric age.
25. With 87 Across and 114 Across, once headed by Acrostician. (6,4,7)
46. With 55 Across, Don was frosting and doing as a saloon door does. (6,2)
55. See 46 Across. (3,3)
76. Politicians love what are below the blades.
87. See 25 Across.
106. Loosen a lens with part of gun?
114. See 25 Across.
136. Keyed up in pedagogy.
141. The farmer, rat, and land. (5,5)
166. Aw, no! Why break the thing that connects Afghanistan and India?
173. Kiss without laces.
196. Able with a BB to sound like a brook.
203. Drive a hundred and me to one of ten in authority.

Down

2. Rebel in the Reign of Henry IV loses his end and so may scowl.
4. Leaps in extremities.
6. Drags for Southern generals.
8. One of those that did "gyre and gimble in the wabe" becomes confused. Overrule it!
10. Mush an example of men, or more of them.
12. Dryden tells of this with the panther in "Th' Indian Queen."
14. Poke fun at a sea-going tackle.
52. Beat a lightweight after the first Roosevelt.
58. He's sure fire, this hairdresser, when he loses direction!
60. Rose Ave. abroad.
76. A bird of prey? Gosh! it's a bit awkward.
78. Mark yon gala likeness!
80. An objective which will get you high in Japan.
84. Approaching war in dots all confused. (Brit. usage.)
101. A German noble up in far Gascony.
141. A gun mount may be right true.
147. Make light the Italian mule.
149. That which gives form may be a taxidermist but no deist.
167. A land? Ha! See the Scottish fishing grounds.
169. Ribbons nor no apron tops.
173. Chances that can never be even.
175. A bird goes after a poppy? Nonsense!

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

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BOOKS

Straw Men on the Right

MARTIN GREENBERG

THE FUTILITARIAN SOCIETY, by William J. Newman. *Braziller. $6.*

Is there a conservative ideology in America? Certainly there are conservatives; and there is even a political tendency called conservatism in which one can discern a general idea or two and not just naked interest; but is there a conservative *ideology?* Professor Newman thinks there is. What is more, he thinks it is a "menace." "The conservative is the enemy . . . Conservatism in America today is fundamentally and essentially an ideology dedicated to stripping man of freedom."

Mr. Newman distinguishes an "Old Conservatism," a "New Conservatism," and a "Conservative Mood." The Old Conservatism is the classic middle-class liberalism of the nineteenth century, anachronistically carried over into the twentieth. It is laissez-faire, anti-state, individualist, and business-minded. As ideologists of the Old Conservatism, the author considers William H. Chamberlin, Felix Morley, James Burnham, and Senator Goldwater. (Some of these are new Old Conservatives.) None, however, is exactly a mover and shaker of American opinion or even, now, a writer of any symptomatic interest. The Old Conservatism is an important force in Congress, and it expresses the traditional political sentiments of a large section of the electorate, but it can hardly hold its head up in the intellectual sphere. As an ideological force, it doesn't count.

THE NEW CONSERVATISM doesn't count politically – Republican liberals (and Democratic conservatives) are not New Conservatives—but it makes something of an intellectual splash, or at least it did in the 1950's, and Time Inc. treats it solemnly. It is bookish, argumentative, and it opposes liberalism and leftism point for point. Mr. Newman's New Conservatives are Peter Viereck (is he still one?), Russell Kirk, Clinton Rossiter, and Walter Lippmann (as the author of *The Public Philosophy,* who believes that "The people have acquired powers which they are incapable of exercising, and the governments they elect have lost powers which they must recover if they are to govern"). Kirk, however, named the tendency and is its chief mouthpiece. The New Conservatism thinks the Old is fuddy-duddy (Viereck and Rossiter, I am sure, would even call it reactionary), parochial, vulgarly commercial, and stupid. (But it says these things tactfully.) Its mouth is full of the words tradition, hierarchy, order, coherence, aristocracy ("of 'the wiser, the more expert, and the more opulent,'" Kirk says, quoting Burke). Burke is its great man, Dewey its modern devil. It believes in Original Sin, natural law, and an eternal order of things, and it is against shallow optimism, social planners, the French Revolution, mass culture, etc., etc. It is one with the Old Conservatism, Professor Newman says, in fearing rather than welcoming new possibilities.

There is also a Conservative Mood, which is reflected in certain academic writers who are not conservatives themselves but who give aid and comfort to the conservative enemy. (The embattled phraseology is Mr. Newman's.) These are Louis Hartz, Daniel J. Boorstin, and Daniel Bell. Their conservatism consists in wishing to discover an unchanging, eternal American essence, a "Real Meaning of America," a "Great Unity" embracing all classes of Americans which it would be the object of politics to conserve. Hartz sees America as a liberal nation in its very origins, so that there is nothing for the conservative to go back to, to conserve, but liberalism. For Boorstin, the United States is essentially anti-ideological, its values and institutions being "given" by its history and unarguable. Bell sees a unanimity based on the welfare state and the end of radical ideology. The author's conservative menace is completed by the "subtopian" suburbs where the bourgeoisie tries to create an untroubled and timeless Eden, and by reactionary efforts of Time Inc. to impose a National Purpose on the country.

I think Professor Newman is right in pointing to the existence of a conservative ideology. But is it the menace he says it is? Of course not. The very title of his book indicates its impotence. Ideologically, the Old Conservatism, with its nonsensical phrases about "creeping socialism" and "collectivism" to describe an inadequate, lagging Social Security System, is getting to look more and more like a crackpot movement, a cut or two above the anti-income-tax fanatics. Politically, it is no longer able to put up a Presidential candidate of its own, even though it controls the Republican Party and is strong in Congress. It must find an Eisenhower, i.e., somebody not stigmatized as a reactionary; and when Eisenhower is elected, he dare not lay a finger on the welfare state, as Mr. Newman acknowledges. Or when it runs a party man like Nixon, he has to become a quasi-liberal. (And still he loses.)

THE NEW CONSERVATISM is even less a menace to our freedom. Peter Viereck and Clinton Rossiter menaces! Even Mr. Newman doesn't dare to say that directly. Why, Rossiter even talks about a *progressive* conservatism. If Viereck and Rossiter are far too mild and liberal to qualify as menaces, Russell Kirk is too unreal. "What men really are seeking, or ought to seek, is not the right to govern themselves, but the right to be governed well," is the sort of thing Kirk writes. Now, really, can anything be more irrelevant to the political life of the United States than this kind of archaizing, library conservatism? The author himself must concede that "Kirk and Co. do not have influence as such. . . ."

The menace is no direr in the case of Time Inc. One of the better chapters in Mr. Newman's book analyzes *Beyond Survival,* by Max Ways, an editor for Henry Luce, devoted to the subject of the National Purpose. Mr. Ways is in favor of natural law, metaphysics, taking religion seriously in politics, and public relations; he

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is against the usual things, beginning with the French Revolution—all these notions retailed in a publicist's jargon. Professor Newman comments that the book "reveals such an appalling bankruptcy of ideas among the respectable American right wing that one is fearful for a nation in which men of influence are so far out of touch with reality. . ." If Mr. Ways and Time Inc. did indeed seriously influence thought and opinion in this country, then there might be cause for alarm. But their pontificating takes place as if in a void; it is strangely without effect. The publications are an important commercial and journalistic phenomenon, but they are not an important political-intellectual force.

WHY does Professor Newman need to invent a conservative bogyman? To prove there is fundamental conflict in America, and in that way to justify a revived radicalism which would oppose the conservative "enemy." The real argument of this book is with Hartz, Boorstin, and Bell, knell ringers of radicalism and revolution, who describe an America that is basically undivided and more or less achieved. Mr. Newman isn't the first to wish for a new radicalism; the wish has become almost a little movement in the last couple of years, especially in the universities. And it is easy to sympathize with it.

In passing out of the postwar period, perhaps we have made a greater transition than we think, into an undefined era whose political phenomena tend to burst the old categories and defy the old distinctions. Our old terms of reference—like Left and Right, which go back to the beginning of the modern era, or liberal and conservative, which belong so peculiarly to the nineteenth century, or capitalist and socialist—seem more and more outmoded, even as we push and pull to try and make them fit new circumstances. Underneath the incessant chatter of public life, one can detect a kind of helpless silence. Contemporary western civilization has drastically reduced the ancient problems of poverty and social inequality; but instead of appearing transfigured, it appears both trivial and dangerous. In these circumstances, is it any wonder that a longing should arise for a new radicalism,

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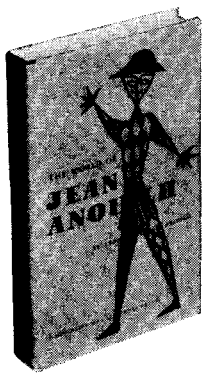

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one that would leave the errors and corruptions of the old radicalism behind as the new historical situation is leaving the old problems behind? But Mr. Newman doesn't leave the old radicalism behind: he tries to revive it in an attenuated form. He looks not to the future but to the past.

What did the old American radicalism do? It championed the struggle of the working class and minority groups for political, economic, and social justice—it carried on a class struggle. Its doctrine reflected the facts of the time; class conflict was a primary reality in modern American history. But the old radicalism (in which term I lump most of the different kinds of populists, syndicalists, anarchists, socialists, and communists) saw class conflict as all-inclusive, absolute, apocalyptic, final —society split irremediably from top to bottom, the rupture to be healed, or rather transcended, only in the classless socialist world of the future. The labor victories under the New Deal, the establishment of the welfare state, the war against fascism, the cold war, and the massive postwar prosperity contradicted and refuted this ideology of class struggle. Far from any "final conflict" developing between capital and labor, an unprecedented era of social peace was ushered in. The old radicalism had failed to appreciate the unity and flexibility of the American system.

THE WORK of Boorstin, Hartz, and Bell, which Mr. Newman would like to dismiss as mere conservatizing, constitutes a critique, direct or oblique, of the old radical ideology in the perspective of the new situation. Professor Boorstin's elucidation of an anti-ideological "genius of American politics," for example, is a trenchant and original retort to the influential class-struggle interpretation of American history. It has been retorted to Professor Boorstin that he goes too far in the other direction and underestimates the role of conflict in American history. I daresay he does. But to argue about the role assigned to conflict in American historiography is one thing; to proclaim conflict as a moral imperative and absolute value, and to invent it when it isn't there, is another. Professor Newman's "conservative enemy," locked in combat with something he calls "pragmatic liberalism," is meaningless as a description of contemporary political conflict in the United States. Mr. Newman writes that the Eisenhower years "may stand as a symptom of the power of the conservative ideology in America..."; and yet "the Eisenhower administration which detested the large welfare state it had to administer . . . could not find the courage to dismantle it. . . ." He is no more useful on the subject of McCarthy: "McCarthy was not a conservative, whatever he was, and while he used conservatism, he would also have destroyed it . . ." Mr. Newman's great conflict between conservatism and liberalism becomes comprehensible only when you understand it as a revival, with an invented content, of the old class-struggle radicalism. It is a radicalism without content.

There have been other attempts to revive the old radicalism. McCarthy inspired one of them: he was viewed as a *class* expression, a deep social manifestation, the representative of a newly arisen, dangerous right wing of American capitalism, straining to start a class war. But when McCarthy was eliminated from the scene, this supposedly massive social class, the new American Right, disappeared with him. Instead of any powerful new reactionary class, there is—the John Birch Society. The old radicalism also had a kind of revival over the issue of mass culture. The bourgeois system, formerly condemned for breeding poverty, social injustice, and war, was now condemned for breeding a corruptive mass culture. But the mushrooming of middlebrow culture seems to have cut the ground from under this effort to justify a radical stand.

The self-critical element is so strong in our modern civilization that it is almost unthinkable that a new radicalism should not arise. The number of works critical of American life which have appeared since the war—*The Lonely Crowd, The Organization Man,* and lesser efforts—indicates how ascendant morally the radical attitude is becoming, but they do not even begin to develop a new radical content, try as some of them do (cf. Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*) to make it seem so. The new radicalism, when it appears, will be a radicalism

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of content, not of style and posture; it will continue the western tradition of criticism by trying, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, to see the object as it truly is.

Something Less Than Chartres

WAYNE ANDREWS

AMERICAN BUILDING ART: THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Carl W. Condit. *Oxford. $15.*

AMERICAN BUILDING ART: THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Carl W. Condit. *Oxford. $12.50.*

If you believe that mid-Manhattan is already overcrowded and suspect that the new Pan Am Building rising at Forty-fifth Street above the tracks at Grand Central Terminal is something less than the Chartres of our time, you could not possibly spend a more pleasurable weekend than in reading Carl Condit's two-volume history of structural forms and techniques in the United States. Mr. Condit is associate professor of general studies at Northwestern University, where his chief course is the history of science. He is just the man to face the perpetrators of the Pan Am Building—if the directors of the New York Central and the architects (Emery Roth & Sons with Walter Gropius and Pietro Belluschi as consultants) ever dare meet the critics of what is advertised as the biggest commercial office building in the world.

According to Mr. Condit, the Pan Am will transform the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-second Street into "the first intersection rendered permanently impassable by traffic." This is quite an achievement for the architects, and there is no harm in reminding everyone that the author speaks with a certain authority on such matters. His two books are a wonderfully concise guide to the feats of our engineers. He also knows more about the history of modern architecture than a good many modern architects. He does not need to be told, for instance, that the continuous curtain wall—considered

"OPERATION ABOLITION" AND THE MEISENBACH TRIAL

Robert Meisenbach, an undergraduate at the University of California, has been declared "not guilty" of charges that he assaulted a policeman during student demonstrations at the San Francisco City Hall where the House Committee on Un-American Activities conducted hearings in May of 1960. The Meisenbach trial before a jury was the first objective inquiry into the actual events that triggered the disturbance which was depicted in the film "Operation Abolition." Distortions contained in this film have now been officially discredited by the jury's verdict.

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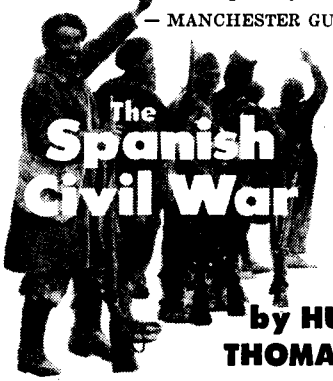

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the last word by the designers of the more mediocre Park Avenue skyscrapers—dates back to 1910, when it was first used in the Edward Ford Plate Glass Factory at Rossford, Ohio. Incidentally, he is not a great admirer of the new Park Avenue. "Reckless" is the word he uses for the rebuilding of "what was once the most beautiful street in America."

The author reserves his greatest praise (aside from the inevitable eulogy of the Roeblings, who built the Brooklyn and the Cincinnati-Covington Bridges) for the builders of the Pennsylvania Station and Grand Central. They "made valuable property available where it did not exist before . . . They reduced traffic congestion, instead of increasing it; when they built, they created order and dignity where there had been chaos and shabbiness."

This tribute to McKim, Mead & White and their peers, it is important to emphasize, does not come from an unreconstructed graduate of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. It comes from a critic whose scholarship is balanced by a sense of proportion. "It was the fashion," Mr. Condit points out, "during the doctrinaire phase of the modern movement, to condemn the eclecticism of the nineteenth century as at best a sentimental escape, and at worst a mental aberration with psycopathic characteristics. . . . A careful inquiry . . . free of the bias imposed by the oversimplified theories that have been so common in recent years, reveals that it was a valid and sometimes highly imaginative expression of its age."

MR. CONDIT is a modest man. He may be surprised to learn that these two unpretentious volumes are an indispensable reference for anyone who hopes to understand the achievements—and the failures—of the men who built our bridges, our dams, our factories, and our skyscrapers. He is never guilty of overemphasis. He even refrains from setting in italics the late Robert R. Young's statement on what eventually became the Pan Am Building: "The Central," said Young, "is progressing with its plans for a new office building above Grand Central Terminal which every public relations and advertising man in America will be proud of."

'Noble Savages'

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

TRISTES TROPIQUES, by Claude Lévi-Strauss. Translated from the French by John Russell. Illustrated. *Criterion Books. $12.50.*

The central part of this book, the stay of a French anthropologist in the Mato Grosso region of Brazil, concerns certain tribes, the Caduveo, the Bororo, the Nambikwara, and the Tupi-Kawahib. A photographic section shows people of these tribes, stark naked, and the captions themselves—"Pregnant woman dozing," "Looking for lice," "Young woman with a monkey"—apart from the grace of the figures and faces, hint immediately at something fundamental in the author's attitude toward his profession. The emphasis is not on witch doctors; the humanity of these Indians is not going to be concealed behind masks, or ritual, or superstition.

With a shock that can only come to the hopelessly prejudiced, the reader learns that Claude Lévi-Strauss's poetic and imaginative sense of humanity is, in his mind, traceable to the fact that he was influenced as a student by his discovery of Rousseau, Kant and Hegel, Marx, and Freud. How odd can the French be? One would expect—always admitting prejudice—that such mentors would lead an anthropologist into all sorts of systematic incantations, all manner of ritualistic determinisms, into seeing life as from a womb with a view. These great men no doubt have been betrayed by the simplifications of their followers, yet it remains surprising to find that not only have they inspired the sanest reflections in this unusual anthropologist but have enabled him to proceed from the most accurate observations to the freedom of the poet. For what else can one say of the amazing eight or more pages that are entirely devoted to the observation—as technical, as visually accurate as a man can make them—of sunsets over the Atlantic? Poetic too, in the grand manner of the historian, is the author's account of the discovery, by the earliest travelers and by himself, of Brazil.

He traveled there several times before the war and he went there again in 1941 when forced into exile by the Germans (what a revenge he takes in a few acid passages on nonheroic Vichy French functionaries in the Antilles), and in his account of these trips, moving backward and forward in time, viewing Brazilian society from a perspective of twenty years' absence, recalling his first encounter with São Paulo aristocrats whose forebears had "amused themselves" by strewing the clothes of hospital patients dead of smallpox for the Indians to pick up, put on, and thus be gotten rid of, he treats time as the great novelists treat time: the background against which man moves, always uncertain whether or not he is moving ahead, diminished and ennobled by time's measureless, unchanging scale. It is a mistake, he writes, to think that America, just because it was cut off from Western Europe, was cut off from the world. Twenty thousand years ago men lived in America: "while the Atlantic remained in total silence, a humming as of innumerable bees could be heard all around the periphery of the Pacific." Europeans brought calamity to the survivors, massacre and disease.

From the author's grandiose synthesis, from his memories of all that unveiled to him his vocation, from his recollections of Montaigne and Rousseau and Marx, one turns back to the photographs, and to his precise notations on how these lost children of Brazil's earlier times still think and act. The author stayed for a long time with the Nambikwara; it was a nomadic group of this tribe that not so long ago killed some American missionaries who descended upon them, hygienic, helpful, well-meaning, and irredeemably foreign. Once when Claude Lévi-Strauss sent up a little toy balloon, a miniature Montgolfier, they nearly did the same to him. But his memory of them is understanding and fraternal. If he had done no more than publish the photograph entitled "A Nambikwara smile," if he had written no other words in this account of his explorations than the key words to this great and classic work, "I found nothing but human beings," we would possess a fresh and sudden apperception of humanity's oneness.

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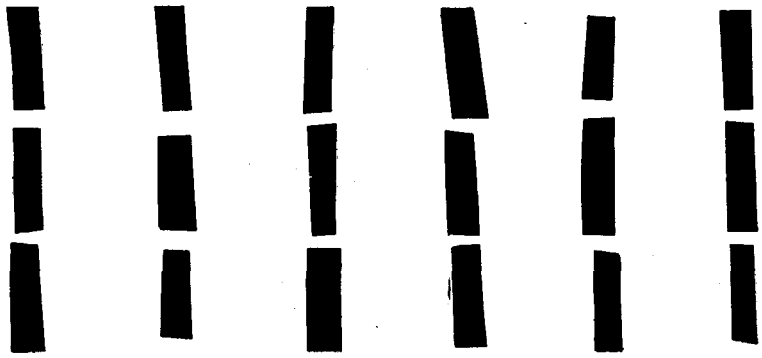

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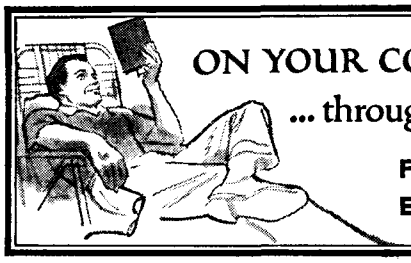

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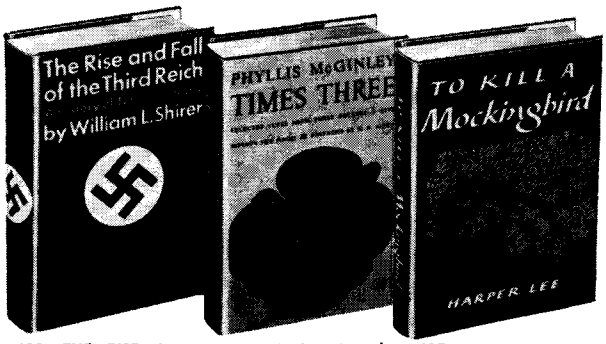

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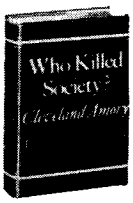

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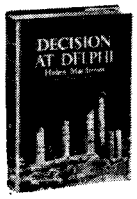

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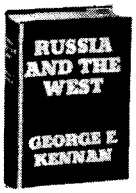

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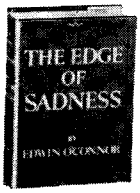

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